HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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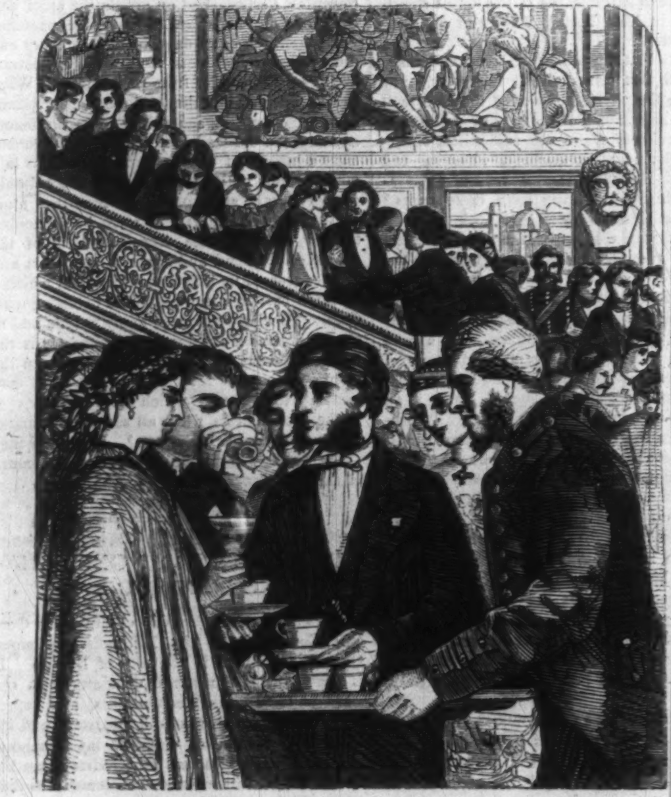
ONLY FOR SOMETHING TO SAY.

"NOT engaged? I'm so glad. Will you talk with me, then?
An oasis for me in this desert of crowd:
Blest be the blindness of dancing men,
And Laurent for playing so loud!
And so you came with the Ardesley set?
Do you talk with them as you talk with me?
Do those men listen and never forget,
And never again be in fancy free?
I scarce remember'd you, fair as you are,
And you'll beam as brightly when I am gone—
Careless that thoughts of a vanished star
Make a starless night so lone.
I may take one flower before I go—
One little bud to tell of the giver?
Oh yes, it will die in a day, I know,
But the memory—never—never!"
An innocent spirit that knew not pain,
A sweet sunny brow that was stranger to sorrow,
May ponder and dwell on such words again,
Half-glad, half-sad, to-morrow.
Nay, bonny bird, never pine. Among
The fairest and gayest be fair and gay,
Spite of homage wrung from a flattering tongue,
Only for something to say.

"That last valse yours, Sir? Certainly, no.
Have I not kept the very next two?
And should I have kept and remember'd them so
For any one else but *you*?
Oh, I'll not praise you for dancing in time,
And talking better than all the rest;
But because it is so I think it no crime
To like *you* for a partner best.
Why did you look, when I danced with Sir John,
With a look as black as a storm of thunder,
And now put your drawing-room manners on,
And your brightest face, I wonder?
Well, will you take me to have some tea?
Dear, how fresh it is on the stair!
You're not too engaged to stay with me
A minute or two in the air?"
A look that had scorned the tenderest guile,
A heart that deem'd itself stern and strong,
Is bent to the light of a Psyche smile,
And chain'd by a siren-song.
Ho, there, Sir Knight, unconquer'd yet—
Rover so long, are you caught to-day
In the soft snare set by a clever coquette,
Only for something to say?

'Tis a glorious prowess, in sooth, with a word
To wound the trusting, and tame the proud,
Even as a leaf by a breath is stirr'd,
A spray by a dew-drop bow'd.
And so the battle goes bravely through,
And heart gets harden'd as tongue flows free,
And swells the blazon, "I conquer you,
Lest you should conquer me."
Fight on, brave souls, 'tis a noble strife—
Play on, rosy lips, 'tis a merry game—
Tourney for tourney, and life for life,
Weapons and lists the same.
Since language was framed but to hide the thought
(Moral as deep as the proverb is old),
Since daily the delicate miracle's wrought,
Hourly the legend told,
You will surely own it an idle creed,
Frivolous gallant and faithless maid,
That forbids the victim to suffer and bleed,
For one vain hour's parade;
You will surely deny by the evident token
Of trophy on trophy won day by day,
That hearts may be broken by light words spoken—
Only for something to say.



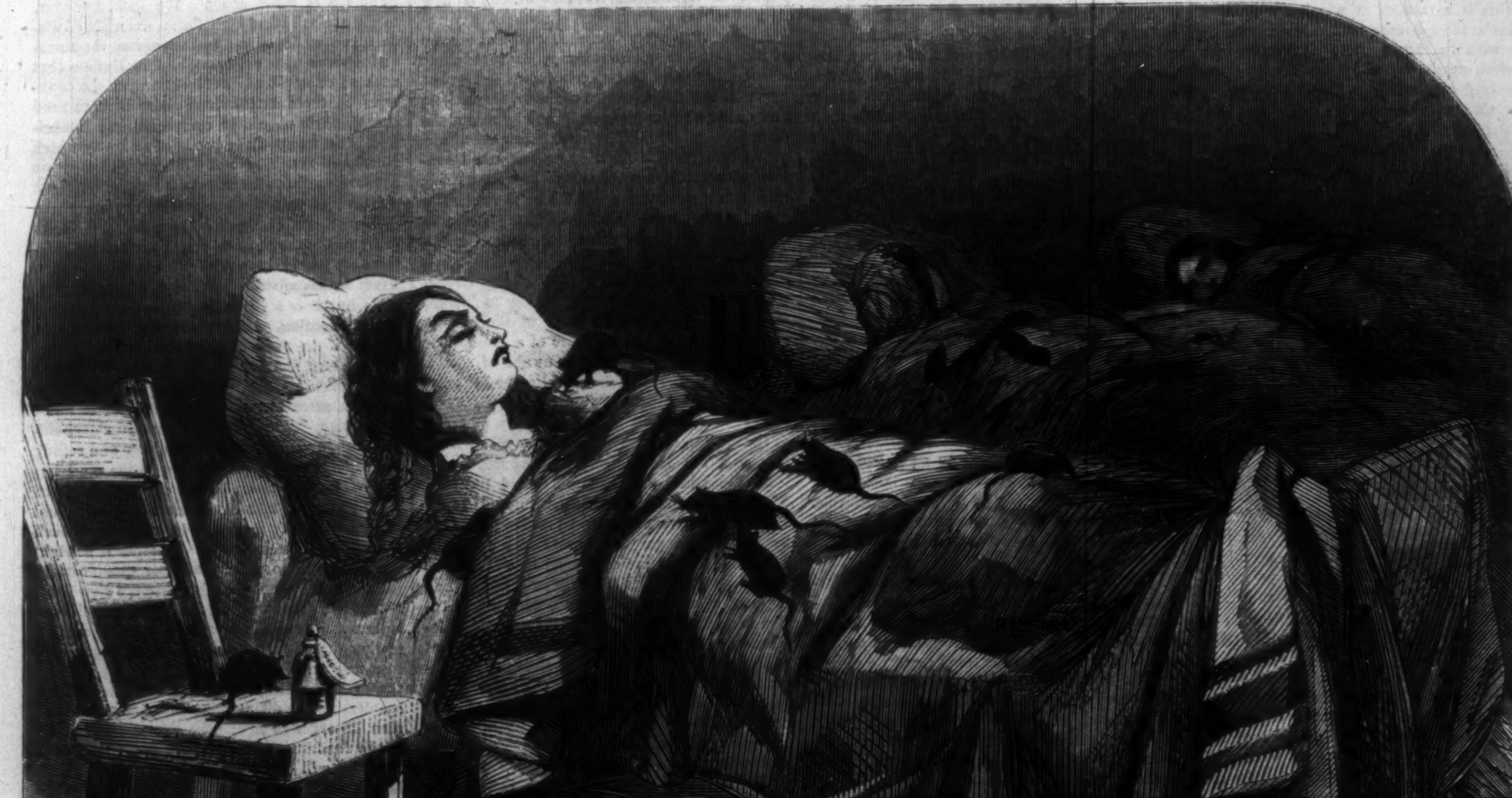
"HEARTS MAY BE BROKEN BY LIGHT WORDS SPOKEN."

RATS IN THE HOSPITALS.

WE give herewith a picture of the beds in Bellevue Hospital, in this city, in one of which the new-born child of Mary Connor was eaten by rats on Monday morning, 23d ult. The artist has peopled the scene, so as to bring its horrors vividly before the public mind. That it is no exaggeration the published evidence proves. All the hospital authorities state that the building is swarming with rats, as many as forty having been killed in a bath-tub in one evening; and Mary Connor herself mentions that, in her agony, she felt them running over her body. The following is Alexander Hadden's account of what he is pleased to call the "unpleasant occurrence:"

THE DOCTOR'S ACCOUNT.

"Mary Connor, an unmarried woman, aged thirty-one years, was admitted to Bellevue Hospital Sunday afternoon. She stated that she expected to be confined soon, but could not specify how soon. Up to the period of admission to the hospital she had been engaged in house



THE SICK WOMEN IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK, OVERRUN BY RATS.

cleaning, working very hard every day. She had no pains, and made no complaint. She walked unassisted to the ward appropriated to women who come here to wait their confinement. The ward was occupied at the time by twenty other women patients, and by the nurse, who had charge of the ward. At six o'clock Monday morning I was called by the nurse to see a woman. I went immediately to the ward, found the woman, who was expected by the nurse to be soon confined, as follows: Lying on a bed between two other beds, not five feet from either: both beds were occupied by waiting women. I asked of her condition; she stated she thought her child was born. I immediately examined and found the child beneath the hips of the mother, in a lifeless condition, and mutilated, apparently, by rats. In the position in which the child was life could not have existed but a few moments. The mutilation, without doubt, occurred after the death of the child. She stated that she complained of feeling slightly ill to a patient on her left, but thought she would be worse before she was better, and did not wish the doctor sent for. She fell asleep, and was conscious at one time that something was running over her, which she supposed to be a cat. She again went to sleep; and on waking she was observed to be uneasy by one of the women, who told the nurse. I was at once sent for. The woman was not in a feeble condition when I first saw her.

"ALEXANDER HADDEN."

THE MOTHER'S STATEMENT.

Mary Connor (the mother) says she has been in this country eight years; the last five years in New York; have always lived in the same family until within the last two months; I was never married; I became pregnant last August; the father of the child is ——; I was not in habits of intimacy with him; he knew of my situation and has done nothing for me; he made me no promises at any time; I came to the hospital last Sunday, in the afternoon; when I came here I thought I would be confined the last of this month; I said so to the woman in the hospital; after going to bed I fell asleep soon; woke up during the night and felt bad; did not call any one; heard no noise or disturbance of any kind until the child was born, as I thought; I felt no pains; after the birth of the child, as I thought, I soon fell asleep or fainted, and when I woke I felt something in the bed; felt that there was a cat or rat there; could not tell which; the doctor came to me in the morning as soon as the nurse sent for him; I was born in County Dublin, Ireland.

The new Commissioners have taken up the matter. They have work before them—if they intend to do their duty. Not only the rats but the officials need some sweeping out.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

THE BRUTAL PRIZE-FIGHT.

WE publish this week, as part of the news to the illustration of which this journal is devoted, an engraving of the brutal and bloody prize-fight which lately took place in England between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan. We need not say that we regret its appearance in our columns. Unfortunately, the subjects which we illustrate are not of our choosing: we are bound to supply the public with what they want, and we have no power to control their choice. We therefore give the prize-fight just as we should give any other matter of news which happened to engross the public attention.

But this is a column in which the opinion of *Harper's Weekly* may be freely expressed; and we wish to express it in such a manner that it shall not be misunderstood. A notion has latterly gone abroad, under very promising auspices, that prize-fighting is a manly and reputable business; that it is calculated to improve the physical capacity of our people; and that the existing prejudice against it is the offspring of cant and error. Against that notion we desire to enter an emphatic protest. We believe prize-fighting to be a degrading, brutal, and shameful practice; we consider the prize-ring a natural nucleus of blackguardism; and we do not believe that pugilism is in the least degree calculated to do good, while it can hardly fail to do evil.

The tree must be judged by its fruits. In this country prize-fighters are generally notorious bullies, blackguards, and rowdies. John Morrissey has been the hero of a hundred scrapes; Heenan was one of the bullies who drove the last Democratic Convention out of their hall at Syracuse, and nearly killed old Mr. Stryker; Baker killed Poole; Cunningham, Mulligan, Price, Kelly, and their fellows are perpetually appearing before our police courts charged with some offense or other. These are the kings of the prize-ring in the United States. Their life is one continual scene of riot, debauchery, brutality, and crime. They live either upon the sale of adulterated liquors in rum holes or upon the wages paid them by politicians for bullying honest voters at the polls. In their own words, they "travel on their muscle"—modern Robin Hoods and Dick Turpins; but without a particle of the chivalry which redeemed the one, or a trace of the generosity which created sympathy for the other. Generally cowards, they seldom venture abroad—with all their strength and all their skill—without a pistol or a knife concealed in their clothing. Their habits are brutal; their associations licentious; their conduct disgraceful; their whole career blackguardly.

Perhaps some one will say that the vices of American prize-fighters are peculiar to this country, and that in England the ring is purer. Look again at the facts. The highest aim of a London prize-fighter is to keep a tavern where bullies congregate and blackguards get drunk. This is the climax of a successful champion's career. Broken-down sots like Berkeley write rhodomontading letters about the nobility of the prize-ring, and its restoration to its ancient splendor. The fact is that Berkeley was long since thrust out of the society of decent people, and would be well pleased to drag the world down into the mire in which he wallows. For a generation at least civilization has made real progress in England, and pugilism has ceased to be reputable. No man of character has any thing to do with it. The Tipton Slasher and the Tutbury Pet live with men like themselves—coarse and brutal in their tastes, vagabond in habit, and far beyond the pale of decent society. Some Americans fancy that because a lord or a baronet sympathizes with prize-fighters, therefore prize-fighting is approved by Englishmen of station. This is just as ridiculous as it would be to assume that cheating and bullying are established institutions here because members of Congress sometimes cheat and bully. The lords and baronets who patronize the ring in England are pariahs—outcasts from society—as thorough blackguards as the lowest shoulder-hitter in New York. They can not help being titled.

The idea that the prize-ring is a manly institution, and that prize-fighting has a tendency to improve the physical power of the race, will not bear scrutiny. Nothing can be manly whose inevitable fruits are ruffianism, cheating, drunkenness, debauchery, idleness, and profanity. Did any one ever hear of a prize-fight which did not bring forth these fruits? The boldest blackguards in New York trembled at the ruffianly display at the fight between Morrissey and Heenan, and to this day the disputed bets, and the drunken carouses, and shameful liaisons which followed that event are prominent topics of conversation in "sporting circles." If this be manliness—if a man can not be manly without coming into contact with such enormities—then, in God's name, let us try to be Christians, not men. But it is an outrage to call such infamies manly. Manliness implies the very opposite of these things. It means courage, not pistoling and knifing; it means honesty, not cheating; sobriety and good conduct, not drunkenness and ruffianism, industry and good citizenship, not sloth and riot and profanity. When Price had broken one of the ribs of Australian Kelly, by the counsel of his quick-eyed second he aimed every subsequent blow at the point where the jagged edges of the broken bone threatened to tear his antagonist's lungs and heart, till the wretched creature almost screamed with the agony—if this were manliness, what is it to be unmanly?

There can be no question but the course of exercise pursued by boxers in training for a prize-fight is calculated to develop their muscle to the best advantage. They live soberly, frugally, and regularly; they take a great quantity of wholesome exercise, and avoid all excesses. Nothing can be better. But what does this prove? Simply that there are occasions when ruffians find themselves obliged to forswear their usual habits for the sake of money and éclat. To infer that prize-fighting is right because one of its incidents is wholesome is very illogical. Nothing can be more admirable than the physical dexterity of the Thugs of India; the famous poisoner, the Marquise de Brinvilliers, possessed a marvelous knowledge of chemistry; a wonderful amount of science was displayed by Professor Webster, the murderer of Dr. Parkman; the stories of the pirates of the Spanish Main fill us with admiration for their skill, and courage, and foresight, and cunning; but, for all this, does any one want to become a Thug, or a poisoner, or an assassin, or a pirate? The rules observed by boxers in training are simply the rules which every prudent man will follow in his everyday life. To take plenty of open-air exercise; to develop each set of muscles in turn; to eat nothing but wholesome, digestible food; to drink moderately, and to avoid spirituous liquors; to go to bed early and rise early—is not this what our doctor tells every one of us? Why go to the prize-ring for what is dinned into our ears by our medical man from the time we leave the nursery till middle age?

This journal has always insisted on the importance of physical exercise. We attach immense importance to it. We hold that the development of the body is at least as important as the development of the mind; and we should be glad to see some of the Greek and some of the prosody classes in our colleges discarded, and foot-ball and cricket or rowing substituted in their place. We think every business-man should go to a gymnasium or take some violent exercise daily. But boxing is by no means the exercise to be recommended. It is very inferior—as a means of developing the strength—to foot-ball, or rowing, or cricket, or fencing. It calls into play fewer muscles than any of these, and does not try the muscles it does exercise fairly and regularly. Boxing strains as much as it develops. Heavy blows are apt to do serious mischief; a sudden violent shock may do more harm in a second than a month's careful training can repair. Regular pugilists must expect to have battered noses and discolored eyes; happy if their ribs are all right, and no disease of the kidneys be engendered by continual ill-usage. Who ever knew an old prize-fighter? As to strength, where is the pugilist who can lift as heavy a weight as Dr. Winship, who never fought in his life?

If, then, pugilism is neither beneficial as a physical exercise, nor tolerable in view of its inevitable immoral tendencies, what shall be said of the general and engrossing interest that has been felt in the combat between Sayers and Heenan? The other evening a refined and enlightened audience was assembled at the Academy of Music to hear a charming opera by Flotow; the music was exquisite, the singers were doing their best, the interest was at its climax, when, suddenly, at the doors, a cry arose that an extra of a sporting paper was offered for sale containing the particulars of the prize-fight, and in ten minutes the house was empty. The rascal who contrived the swindle cleared three or four thousand dollars, and sold 30,000 copies of his paper in a few hours. Nor is this interest confined to this country; the most snobbish and aristocratic of the London weeklies—the Saturday *Review*—had an article the other day commending the spirit of the poor wretches who fought the other day—as though every one did not know they were mere hired gladiators. What are we to infer from these facts? What can be inferred but that the moral perceptions of the age are less acute than optimists fancy, and that the old leaven of brutality still constitutes a large part of our character? This is a matter which philosophers and ministers should ponder deeply and honestly. Moralists must be writing and clergymen must be preaching to very little purpose, since the bulk of the people of England and America are heart and soul engrossed in a fight compared to which a Spanish bull-bait is a mild and diverting pastime. To what purpose so many pulpits and so many sermons if the brutal prize-fighter is the hero of the day? With what feelings can the clergy, with what feelings can the press contemplate the spectacle which is before their eyes at the present time, when all society is plunged into such palpable barbarism? How shall they—the teachers of the world—render an account of their teachings?

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

ON Tuesday, the first day of May, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled in the city of Buffalo. It is composed of ministerial delegates from upward of forty annual conferences, and represents directly seven thousand ministers, and indirectly nine hundred thousand lay members. The questions which are expected to come before it for determination are so momentous that its proceedings will possess a national interest. Chief among these are: the extension of the period of ministerial service—which is now limited to two years in each church; lay representation in the conferences; and the change of the terms of communion so as to exclude slaveholders from Church fellowship. The last question is likely to excite the most discussion; and on its decision, it is supposed by many, the future unity of this great denomination will probably depend. As most ecclesiastical controversies are a tangled maze to the outside public, it may not be amiss for us to present to the many readers of the *Weekly* the shape in which this topic will come before the Conference.

In the year 1844 the Methodist Church, which then extended from Maine to Texas, divided upon a specific point of the slavery question—namely, the censure of a bishop who had by marriage become the owner of slaves. But this case was more the occasion than the real cause of the schism. Several of the Southern conferences adhered to the Northern Church; so that it has, at present, ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the Methodists of Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and parts of Virginia, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Missouri. It professes nevertheless to be anti-slavery both by law and usage. Its enactments upon the subject of slavery are contained in a "General Rule," which forbids "the buying and selling of men, women, and children, with the intention to enslave them;" and a Chapter which declares the Church to be "convinced of the great evil of slavery," and which requires the preachers to enforce upon "members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the Word of God, and to allow them time to attend upon the public worship of God on the regular days of divine service."

Under these disciplinary rules the Methodists of the border Slave States have held with their Northern brethren, and there has been a tolerable harmony maintained between the extremes. But, simultaneously with the growth of sectional feeling in the States, there has grown up in the minds of many Northern Methodists a feeling of bitterness against their slaveholding brethren as such. In short, sectionalism in the Church has advanced at an equal pace with sectionalism in the nation. And its *dénouement*, in the Methodist body, is anticipated at Buffalo in the determination of the proposal to exclude slaveholders, though professing Christianity, from all church privileges.

It is alleged on the one side, that "the position of Northern Methodism, as against slavery, is not marked with sufficient distinctness; that slaveholders—a few very rare cases excepted—can not be Christians, and should, therefore, be ruled out of the Church; and that, as a necessary step for the removal of slavery from the nation, slaveholding should be judged *primâ facie* a disqualification for Church membership." On the other side, it is urged, with much earnestness, that "the admission of converted slaveholders to Christian fellowship has the sanction of apostolic usage; that Mr. Wesley, who pronounced against the system of slavery as emphatically as any other man of his time, received both masters and their servants into his societies; that the founders of Methodism in America did the same; that the free blacks of Maryland and Virginia—in the former State numbering 90,000—owe their improved condition chiefly to the influence of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and that the General Conference is under an implied pledge to the Methodists of the border Slave States, in consideration of their adherence to the Northern organization, not to disturb the existing terms of communion."

Such are, as far as we have been able to gather them, the salient points of the controversy. We do not pretend to arbitrate between the disputants; but it is clear that concession and forbearance alone can prevent a disruption of this powerful ecclesiastical organization. Whether an adjustment of these conflicting views be practicable, we are not qualified from our position to say; but we sincerely trust that some adjustment may be devised. If, as is affirmed, the laity are not so eager for the proposed change as the ministers, the postponement of the question until the admission of laymen into the councils of the Church is accomplished, would be an act both of wisdom and justice. The entire number of slaveholders in the Northern Methodist body is variously estimated at from three to five thousand. Did the opposition to the new condition of membership come from this little handful only, it would probably be of little or no avail. But the "border members," as they are styled, are sustained in their position by the Methodists generally of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York city, and the southeastern portion of the State of New York, and of Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Should a division ensue, the new boundary line would certainly run north of the city of New York. There would then be three great Methodist bodies, Southern, Conservative, and Abolitionist.

Thus, at Charleston, Chicago, and Buffalo, the pivot of controversy is the adjustment of one and the same question. This coincidence resembles the connection said to exist between widely separated volcanic mountains: it is the same subterranean fire which pours from craters hundreds of miles apart. We look, however, to the ecclesiastical body for an example of wisdom and moderation; and we assure the reverend divines who are assembled at Buffalo that such an example will not be lost upon the country. In these fretted times there is more need that discords should be composed than intensified. So many of the bonds of amity by which North and South have of old been held together are broken, that we can not contemplate without a feeling of pain the prospective rupture of the delicate ties of brotherhood by which the Northern and Southern members of the same Christian household have hitherto been made one. From sectionalism in politics to sectionalism in the Church is a fearful stride toward national disorganization. It may be well deemed a misfortune if the flow of Christian charity is henceforth to stop at the line of Mason and Dixon.

It strikes us, too, as public journalists, that there is, after all, but small cause for so much contention. Three or five thousand slaveholders, who are restrained from buying and selling slaves, and who are reputed to be the most humane of masters, are but a small fraction of 900,000 church members. Sound policy would suggest advisory measures in advance of such as are strictly mandatory. Whether it be right for a Church to prescribe other qualifications for admission than those found in the New Testament is a point which deserves to be well considered. Certain it is, that if every systematically agitated scheme of reform is to culminate in a new term of church membership, most of the ecclesiastical bodies in the United States are destined to disintegration. And thoughtful men, in order to escape the constant unsettling of the fundamental conditions of Christian fellowship, will be compelled to seek spiritual homes where some things, at least, are conceded to be determined by the Bible, the testimony of history, and the experience of ages.

☞ WE have been shown a very beautiful letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, of this city, by a deaf and dumb gentleman residing at Ponchatoula, Louisiana, in consequence of the publication of our picture of the services at Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's church in this city. We regret that we have not room to insert it whole. It is a touching tribute to the usefulness of the Deaf and Dumb Church.

THE LOUNGER.

"OUR CIVILIZATION."

THE Japanese Embassadors are coming. They are to be entertained by "the city." "The city" is to take them in carriages to see the Institutions By all means let it be done; and we may be very sure that the account the worthy guests give of the exhibition will not be less interesting in Japan than the first accounts of the splendid city of Jeddo were to us when they were published two years ago. The illustrious guests will arrive at the time of the anniversaries. Our morality and philanthropy will be in full feather. If the Japanese diplomatists are of a poetic turn they may fancy that our self-congratulatory charity expands itself upon their arrival, as a well-bred peacock spreads his gorgeous tail as the visitor drives up the avenue by the lawn.

"The city" must not forget one institution. The visitors must surely go and see the Bellevue Hospital. They are barbarians—they don't wear black hats—the absurd creatures wear satin clothes; let us bear with them good-humoredly although they are not civilized; and therefore, by all means, let them be taken in the city hacks (probably the poor savages never rode in hacks) to the Bellevue Hospital—our grand charity—our pride—our "institution"—that they may see what civilization can do. And please to show them particularly the "waiting-room" in which Mary Connor, on the verge of confinement, was placed on Sunday evening a week ago; and please to point out the bed on which, during the night, all alone in her agony, the poor woman suffered the pangs and perils of child-birth; and please to mention to the sallow barbarians from Japan that, while the mother lay there exhausted, the rats came and devoured the nose, the upper lip, the toes, and half the left foot of the new-born infant, so that when the doctor came early in the morning the child was dead—well out of the scrape of our noble public charitable institutions.

Then, please, drive as hard as you can to the Academy of Music, and let the envoys of Japan perceive the complacent manner in which we subscribe thousands of dollars to ameliorate the barbarisms of China and Siam and the islands of the Indian Ocean. Mingle your tears, Conscript Fathers! with those of the illustrious strangers, as you hear recited the sufferings of Crim Tartary, the woes of Thibet. Then return to ham-sandwiches and rum-punch, and over your banquet hiccup with maudlin pride a toast to the prosperity and increasing renown of our noble charities. Before the festive scene concludes let some particularly eloquent Conscript Father point out to the Japanese philosophers the ingratitude of man, remarking how strange it is that poor people hate public charity, and even recoil from the Bellevue Hospital.

ANOTHER WORD WITH THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS.

BEFORE you proceed to convict us of utter public heartlessness and barbarity, please to observe that we have partially awakened to the enormity of the abominations practiced in our name and in that of public charity, and that we are making a strenuous effort to be tolerably decent in the world's eye and estimation. We have just inaugurated a new system, and hope to see some new results. It was the President's misfortune, not his fault, that he said to the assembled doctors of the Bellevue, the day after the shocking affair of Mary Connor, that he "highly esteemed their professional services in ameliorating the condition of those unfortunates intrusted to their medical and surgical supervision." The President is a great joker, but this, in good faith, was not a great joke. It was the ordinary compliment, and unquestionably he spoke of what was implied by the character and ability of the medical gentlemen he was addressing, and of what the new commission means to effect.

The whole business evidently needs the most tremendous purgation. The exposures that were made some time since in regard to the iniquity of the old commission were clearly faithful. There is good ground for hope, your Excellencies, that matters are mending, and that before you return to the depths of savagery in which your ridiculous native country is sunk, the charitable institutions of New York will have ceased to be a disgrace and a by-word.

POOR PAPA!

IN the year 1846 the Lounger used to see Pope Pius IX. rolling through the streets of Rome in his gilded carriage, between sidewalks covered with kneeling people, who gave as well as received a blessing. Rome, Italy, and the whole world of generous hearts were full of enthusiasm and hope. A Pope had come to the throne who had done nothing upon which a bad augury could be founded. Born a gentleman, his ecclesiastical career had been marked by mildness and intelligence; and upon his election to the Papacy he passed by the palace of the Vatican, with which the papal tyrannies are associated, and chose for his residence the Quirinal palace, whose airy gardens overlooked the city, and whose elevated position might have been regarded as symbolic by the eager enthusiasm of the people.

That enthusiasm was not religious but political. It was two-fold; being, on the one hand, the delightful sense of relief occasioned by the death of the dull old monk, Gregory XVI., the history of whose reign makes the heart ache; and, upon the other, the distinct hope awakened by the accession of a kindly and not aged man to the government of the country. The first months of his reign justified this feeling. The usual amnesty was more generous in its scope, and immediate propositions were made for reforms.

This hope was the jubilee of a year. It was too good to last; and the history of the last ten years in Rome is simply the melancholy tale of a mild, well-meaning man, whose weakness is developed by position, gradually resigning himself to the crushing embrace of the system of which he is a part, until at last the freedom and good government of which his spirit and projects in his first few months of power were the earnest have been assumed for themselves by a part of his old subjects, and the poor Papa can only make mouths at the king who helps them. His Holiness, Pius Ninth, Pope of Rome, issues a bull of excommunication, and the whole world laughs and passes by. It is not even served upon the offenders. It is nailed up on the door of St. Peter's, St. John Lateran's, and a few other churches and public buildings in Rome, with the *nota bene* that it is to be considered served upon the sinners. Here is a valiant gentleman who shuts himself up in his house, writes a blustering letter to his neighbor Jones, pins it up in his dressing-room, and adds, in a foot-note, "Jones, consider your nose pulled!"

A day or two after Papa Pius goes to say mass at the Church of Santa Maria Sofia Minerva—not, as in the Lounger's day, with a protecting throng of friendly, hopeful, and admiring people, but surrounded by a thousand soldiers.

Macaulay says, in one of his essays, that it is remarkable the Protestant Church hardly occupies a greater European territory than it did fifty years after the Reformation. But the moulding influence of a principle can not be measured in that way. The truth is, that the spirit of Protestantism—which is only the application of the doctrine of liberty to religious thought and life—is the controlling power of human development. It never retrogrades. It never has retrograded. It modifies and ameliorates every where; and Italy and France are alive with the essential principle of Protestantism, but it shows itself politically rather than religiously.

The year after the Pope's coronation the Lounger was talking with his host upon the southern shore of the Mediterranean. The Italian, with the bitterest sarcasm, denounced the Church and the priests. The most eloquent orator in the anti-Papal league could not have been more vehement. In the midst of the conversation his little son entered habited like a priest; he was a scholar in ecclesiastical training "How is this?" said I; "are the priests what you say, and yet are you going to make Guiseppe a priest?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Eh, Signore, they are in possession."

When the whole world of sensible people, inside and outside of nominally Catholic states, smiles in derision at the Pope's bull, the Pope may be said to be gored by his own animal; and the fact is of too striking historical significance to be disregarded.

CHICKERING'S PIANOS.

WHOEVER has been in Boston has seen Chickering's great manufactory, and, if he were lucky, has heard some of the finest music in the world at Chickering's rooms, and from Chickering's pianos. The founder of the house, the late Jonas Chickering, was one of the most valued citizens of that city—a quiet, simple, energetic man, full of a rare sympathy for music and musical persons—who had the great satisfaction at his death of knowing that he had indissolubly associated his name with music in America. From the days of Louis Rakemann down to the last player of note, the pianists who have visited Boston have all delighted in his instruments, and have been the cause of the profoundest delight to others. Mr. Chickering was honored in many ways, but in none more widely or more agreeably to himself than in his recognition as the great piano-forte maker. The Chickering instruments, constantly improved, are known every where for a certain romantic sweetness and *cantabile*, or singing quality, as well as power, which are quite unrivaled except by the Erards. Good as many other pianos are, there is a uniformity of excellence in the Chickering which only great talent, experience, and capital can command.

It is a pleasure to know that the house was never more flourishing, and that in New York, as well as Boston, it has an extensive ware-room. If a man would be sure of a good piano, he should be sure to go to the corner of Broadway and Fourth Street.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—IGNOTUS. When a Frenchman says, in response to an offer, "*Merci*" (thank you), he means, invariably, *thank you, no*. When the Lounger thanks for poetry received, he means *merci*.

—BORDER RUFFIAN complains that the advertisement of a certain novel appeared in the *Weekly*. Does not the gentle B. R. perceive that there would be no end to the inconvenience of allowing every reader of a paper to edit it? It would be exceedingly confusing.

—MAGGIE wishes to know whether, if the Empress Eugénie discards hoops, the world will discard them. Of course it will. But the fashion is not *made*, it is only *set*, by Eugénie. It is invented by the *modistes* of Paris, and the Empress has the *éclat* of first exhibiting it. Probably every woman finds certain advantages in hoops, and among them that result of "a certain degree of amplitude necessary in skirts in order to display the female form"—whatever that mysterious sentence may mean—to which Maggie alludes.

—G. A. J. asks why and whether we believe that Dickens wrote the "Tale of Two Cities?" We believe it, in the first place, because it was so stated in *Harper's Weekly*, which republished it; and, in the second place, because of its essential *Dickensism*. "In what part," asks G. A. J., "do you discover the wit, humor, pathos, and lifelike delineations of character which mark his other productions?" There is certainly less humor than in most of his tales; but Mr. Cruncher is purely and extravagantly a creation of Dickens; so is the first interview between Miss Pross and Mr. Lorry; and the pathos and poetry, and sense of tragedy every where, are all his. The murder of the Marquis in his chateau is in the highest style of poetry. Does G. A. J. not remember that the genius which perceives the comedy of "Pickwick" necessarily sees the tragedy of the French Revolution?

—J. J. B. would like to know "where a new day first begins." So would the Lounger.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

THE soft June breeze of a bright Sabbath morning entered the open windows of a pleasant church in Clinton, stirring the airy plumes and delicate flowers of many a beauty's hat, and ruffling the iron gray on many an old man's head. It was a pleasant congregation. On the desk was a tiny white vase crowned with the most delicate blossoms of the flower month, and a white rose lay upon the open page of the Bible.

A young man had walked easily up the aisle, had taken his seat at the desk, and was now sweeping his full dark eye over the congregation, as if to measure the work before him. There were little irregularities in the surface of the broad forehead, as though the brain had beat against the frontal bone; the hair, thrown carelessly back, was half inclined to curl, and the lips lay together with a finish and precision, in spite of a redness and roundness. It was a strong face; not handsome, but earnest, grave, strong.

This was the new minister. The old warrior who had battled the Prince of the power of the air for almost half a century, whose broad hand had touched the forehead of many and many a bride and many and many a sleeper, had but just now gone to his rest, saying, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

Hymns had been read in a full rich tone, prayers had been offered with humility and earnestness. The preacher rose to speak. The interest excited by the appearance and bearing of the young orator, added to the natural charm of novelty, gave him the undivided attention of every one within the walls. Commencing in a low and musical tone, without ostentation, but with calm earnestness, he unfolded the points of his theme, "The Power of a Christian Life." As the young preacher advanced in his discourse, warming with the unthreading of his argument, strengthening important points and enforcing home truths with the natural fire of his nature, his whole face and figure seemed kindled to a glow of unrestrained enthusiasm, and the light of real genius shot from his eyes. Nothing could have been more complete and deep than the impression with which his audience was held when he said "Amen."

The central pew in the church was occupied by a family, the most noticeable member of which was a lady of fair complexion, a youthful roundness of feature, dressed in a rich silk, and carrying her head somewhat proudly. That she gave entire attention to the discourse is to be presumed, since that may be said of each of the audience. That she was impressed by the manliness and power of the young preacher—that he approached the ideal of a proud and somewhat intellectual nature—the reader may take upon the testimony of the writer.

In a corner pew, near the wall, but not far from the desk, sat an old man of not less than eighty winters, his massive face furrowed and his thin hair white as snow. From beside him a pale, classical, maidenly face peered up at the preacher. The young girl was very plainly dressed—with consummate neatness and taste, but with a grave economy. At first she sat there shrinkingly, half seeming to hide under the broad, bent shoulders of the aged grandfather; but when the tide of thought was fully aroused the child forgot herself, and permitted flashes of feeling to play upon the most expressive and changeful features that I ever saw. During the whole sweep of that discourse the study of her face was like the reading of a poem. When the preacher, having dwelt in glowing language upon the beauty and power of devotion to the happiness of others, closed the Bible and lifted a hand for prayer, the young girl leaned her head upon her fingers and wept in her own still way—so like the falling of an April rain.

The old gentleman tottered feebly from the church, and hence the two were the last to descend the steps. It was a strange sight to any but the accustomed villagers—that massive grandfather, supported so bravely by the slight creature at his side; and yet it may be questioned whether he ever doubted the strength of his sweet little protector.

The old man's foot slipped upon the step, and he would have fallen quite upon the little maiden, whose white fingers were clasping his heavy arm, had not the young minister caught him at the instant and held him with a strong hand.

The old man looked into the face of the preacher, and grasping his hand, said, in a heavy and yet tremulous voice,

"You are a brave lad, my son, a brave lad. Never give way. Fight the good fight. I was young once, but now I am old and broken. Young men must bear the armor now. Fight bravely, my son. God bless you! God bless you!"

The young preacher held Maggie's little hand in his for an instant, covering it quite in his broad palm, while she, looking up to his full, clear eyes with her own speaking ones, sank into herself with a sense of utter littleness.

Poor little foolish Maggie! Standing there the self-reliant protector of her grandfather, and yet looking up to the face of the young minister with such a feeling of reverence, of illimitable distance, as gave her the impression of sinking, sinking, till she half believed herself no bigger than a daisy. Genius is godlike, and has its worshipers. But these differ widely in their adoration—one bending with a stiff obeisance and another falling prostrate.

As she walked along slowly beside the old man Maggie felt as though she had gone back to the days of her childhood, she seemed so little! Why, the very dress she wore—the little buff chintz—seemed to have outgrown her; and even the shawl, which sat so prettily upon her shoulders when she went to church, had become a world too large. And her thoughts—those glowing, burning thoughts which she had kept within her bosom, feeding them from books, and warming them with her native ardor of imagination, till her heart seemed all too big for her little figure—had come to seem *so* small! Foolish little Maggie!

The old man muttered to himself as he went along, leaving the maiden to her own littleness and adoration. But afterward, when bedtime had come—when the Word had been read, and prayer had ascended—little Maggie felt like talking; and she said,

"Grandfather, isn't it a noble thing to be young, and strong, and eloquent? Oh! it is a *splendid* thing to be a man!"

And for an instant that expressive face lit up into a perfect glow,

"Yes, Maggie. *I* was a strong young fellow sixty years ago. And the work I used to do! Never saw the man who could go ahead of me then, child. But now I'm getting old—getting old—getting old."

And the old man relapsed into musings. The young girl's face fell back to its quietude, disappointed that her own high thoughts were so poorly met. So she went to her nest with her own glow of feeling unshared.

The lady in silk met the young preacher every day; for she was the daughter of a wealthy elder, who had been requested to take him into his family for a few months. Beautiful, refined, intellectual. Nor was she unimpressed. The high talent of the young orator had wrought upon an imagination made sensitive to intellectual influence by its own intellectual bias, until, it must be confessed, she saw in him an approximate realization of her own proud ideal. Too high-born and gifted to be other than his peer, she was yet conscious of an admiration somewhat too glowing for the ordinary relations of life.

A year went by. The young minister was often called by his position to the bedside of the decaying old man. Little Maggie felt safe when he was there; for it seemed as though his great heart and strong hand could cover and protect, not only herself and her grandfather, but half the world besides.

At first she would rarely talk—for what could he care for her little thoughts?—but at length, drawn out little by little, the wealth of her inner nature began to find expression; and after he was gone little Maggie would sit a long while, wondering what could make her so lose sight of herself when he was by—could make her forget what a very little, simple creature she was—and then the old inshrinking would come again.

The grandfather died—died as a spent candle flickers and is gone—died one Sabbath morning, with only Maggie by his bedside, and she not afraid of the messenger that came. As the light went out from the aged eyes the dear girl pressed her trembling fingers upon the lids, laid her warm face to the wrinkled cheek, the ringlets falling and mingling with the snowy locks, and sobbed in abandonment of grief. The young preacher found them thus; and Maggie felt calm again—felt safe under the shadow of his great heart.

After this was the bustle of preparation for burial; the coming and going of friends; the awkward but well-meaning sympathy of the village people; the strong, uplifting words of the funeral service; the slow procession; the last touch; the hollow fall of earth; the drear return.

The young preacher was called away—called suddenly and strongly to a field of labor worthy of his vigorous youth and high talent.

Poor little Maggie! Weeping on her pillow till she wept herself asleep, utterly conquered by her tears till neither household activity nor merry songs could hold them from gushing out whenever she thought of this new loss. Maggie would never be thought of again! He would move among the great, make himself a name, and be very useful and very happy. Well, she should never lose her little title in him; a wee bit of a share in his success—there was comfort in that.

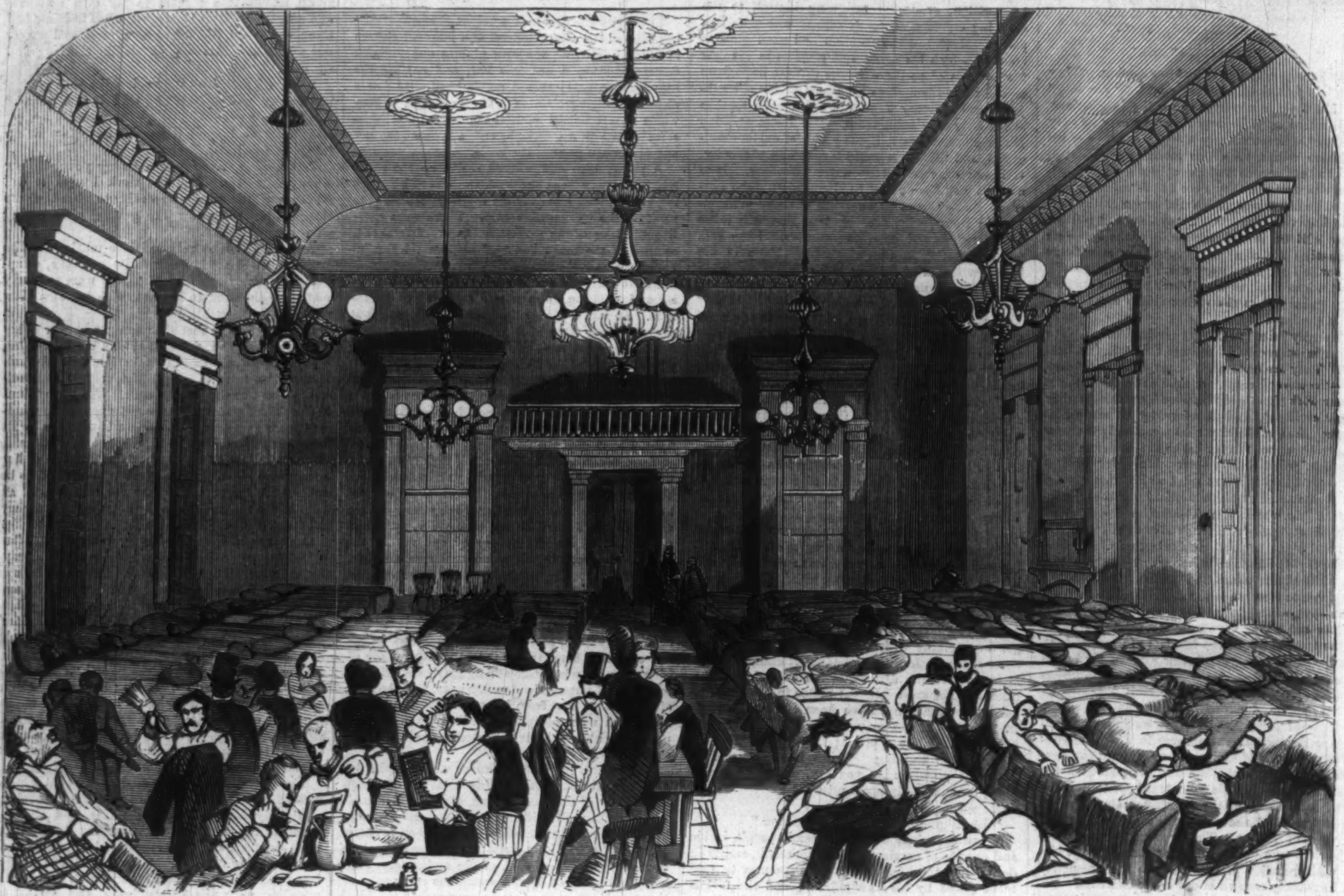
Every body said he was going to carry with him the elder's daughter. Maggie was very glad, for the lady was called amiable and good, though a little proud. People pronounced her a fit companion for a minister of mark, with her clear, practical sense and superiority of mind. Maggie hoped she would love him very dearly; but it seemed to her, somehow, that she couldn't *begin* to love him as she ought. She couldn't help wishing that the elder's daughter were a little less stately, and handsome, and proud.

The young minister had promised to come and see her once more before he left; and to-day, Saturday, would be the day, she was sure; for to-morrow was the Sabbath, and Monday morning's coach would take him away. She had sung very little to-day, her voice trembled so; and she had sewed very little, for she could not see so well as usual. But she went out into her flower-garden and gathered a tiny little star of the snowy Bethlehem, the smallest and fairest she could find, and placed it between the leaves of her own little Bible. Then when she sat down and thought of giving it to him, Bible and all, she began to grow little again, and wondered if he would smile at her for hoping to be remembered very long.

The young man came and went; but before he left, little Maggie went to her table, fluttering like a winged bird, and bringing the Bible which she had loved for so many years, put it into his hand, and asked him softly—because her voice wouldn't come—if he would carry it with him and keep it for her sake, and then the foolish little Maggie sat down and cried. A strong arm stole around her. A deep rich voice, close to her ear, said, "Yes, child! and may I carry little Maggie with me too?"

Maggie looked into the eyes that were bent upon her. They were earnest and soul-full. Then she went down, down, down into nothingness, till she was no bigger than a butter-cup, her little heart almost stopped its beatings, the blood left her cheeks, and her hands were as white as snow; and then the reaction came, the warm blood coursing through the arteries with almost the sound of gurgling streams; and little Maggie's finger-tips were warm and crimson when she laid her head on his bosom and wept in her own still way—"so like an April rain."

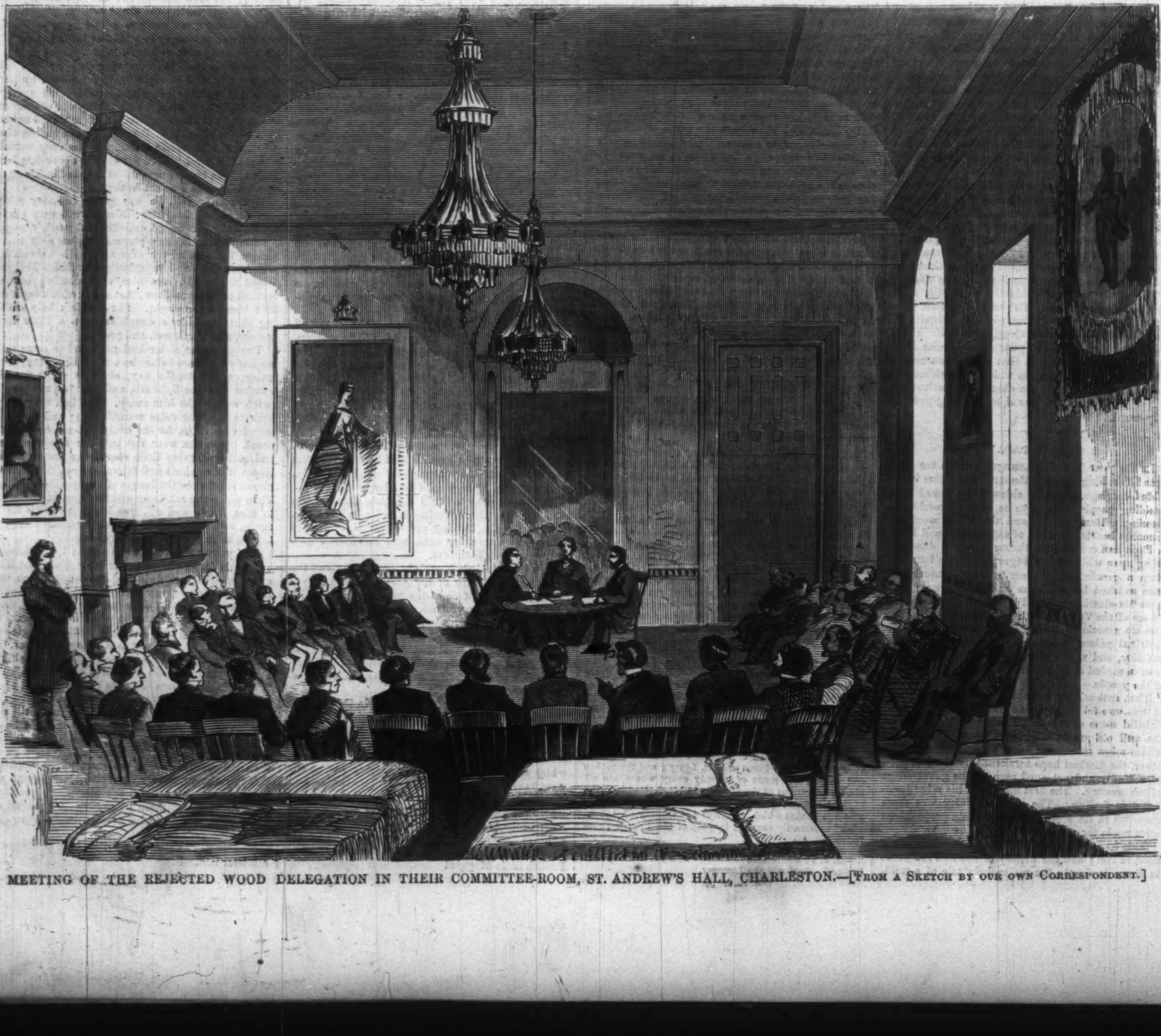
She made the darlingest little wife [illegible] minister had.



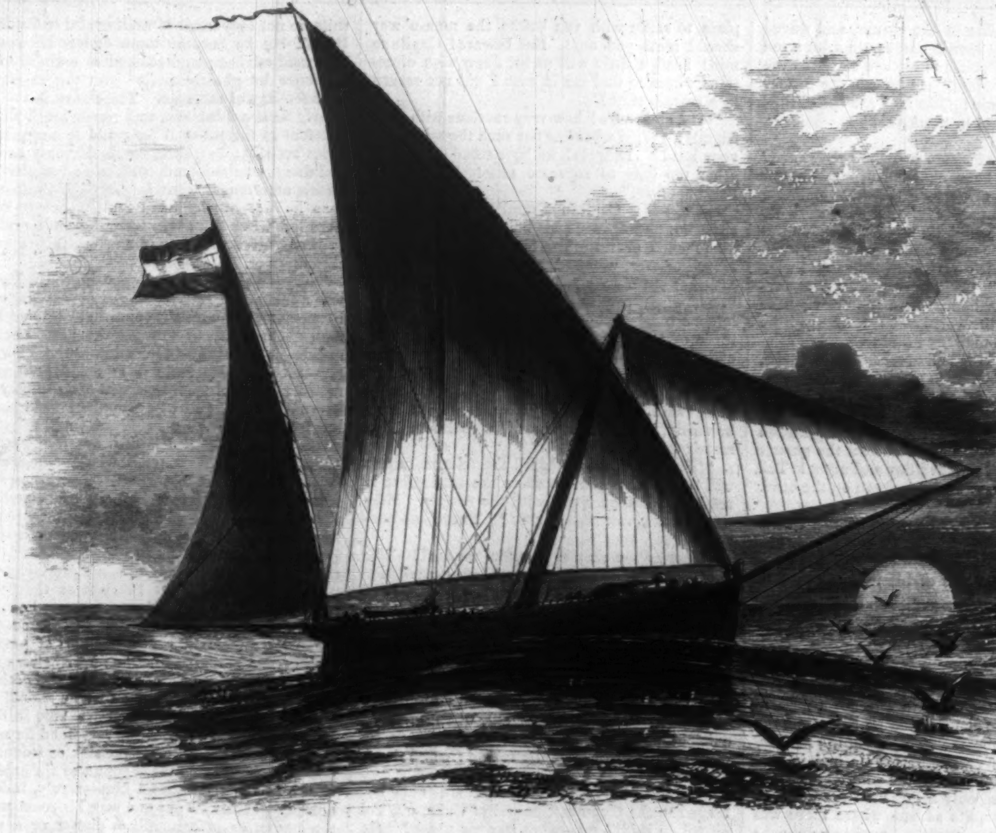
SLEEPING-ROOM OF THE NORTHWESTERN DELEGATION, HIBERNIAN HALL, CHARLESTON.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]

THE CONVENTION.

We present herewith two pictures from Charleston—one of Mayor Wood's committee-room; the other of the head-quarters of the Douglas delegations from the Northwestern States. It will be seen that both parties were in close quarters—the Wood men have their beds beside them, and Mr. Douglas's friends are packed pretty close. It seems, however, that the Democrats have not flocked to Charleston in as large crowds as was expected. One correspondent says that preparations were made for 15,000 visitors, and that there will not be half as many. Others doubt whether the whole number present will exceed 3000. So much for $5 a day board.



MEETING OF THE REJECTED WOOD DELEGATION IN THEIR COMMITTEE-ROOM, ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON.—[From a Sketch by our own Correspondent.]



THE "PANCHITA."

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

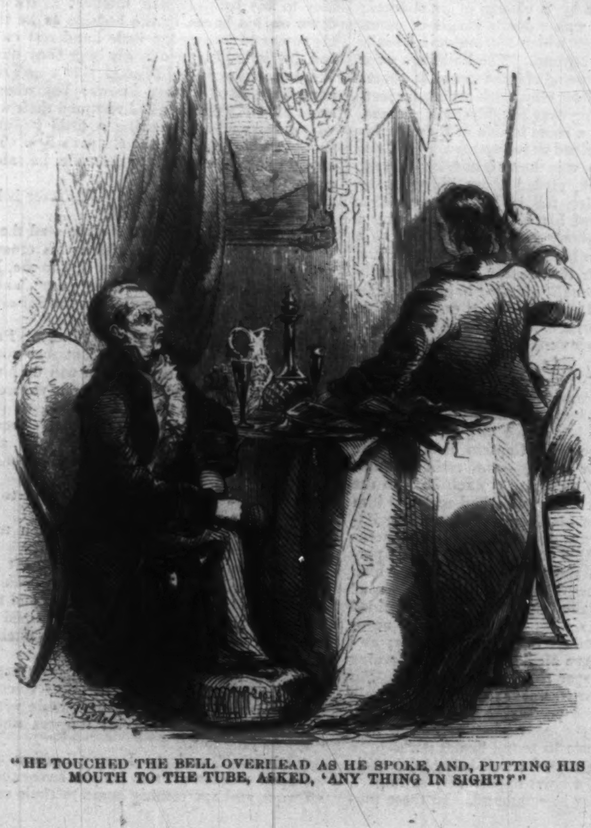
ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER X.

AN ANCIENT MARINER WITH ONE EYE.

"THE *Panchita* has passed Mangrove Point," came in the hoarse whisper from the signalman. "You can see her now from below, Sir." Captain Brand put on a fine Panama hat, and stepped out on the veranda, where, with a cigar in his mouth, he leaned over the balustrade and kept sharp watch on every thing that was going on below him. In a few minutes a long pointed brown bowsprit protruded itself beyond the wall of rocks, followed by a great triangular lateen sail, bent to a yard a mile long, and tapering away like a fly-fishing rod, where, at the end, was a short bit of yellow and red pennant. As her bows came into view they showed above a curved prow falling inboard, with a huge bunch of sheepskin for a chafing mat on the knob, and a thin red streak along the wales, on a lead-colored ground, above her copper, which was painted green. As more of her proportions came into the picture you saw a stout stump of a mast, raking forward, with short black ropes of purchases for hoisting the single yard, and heavy square blocks close down to the foot of the mast. When this great sail had come out from the screen of rocks another light stick of a mast stood up over the taffrail, with another lateen sail and whip stem of a yard, to which was bent the Spanish Colonial Guarda Costa flag. In fact, she was a Spanish felucca all over, from stem to stern, and truck to water-line. A few dingy hammocks were stowed about half-way along her rail, and there were a good many men moving about her decks in getting the cable clear; and a lot more clinging like so many lizards along the bending yard, and all in some attempt at uniform dress, in readiness to roll up the sail when the anchor was down. There was a long brass gun, too, burnished like gold, on a pivot slide, with all its equipment, trained muzzle forward in front of the mainmast. No sooner had she sagged into the open basin, with her immense sail hanging flat and heavy in the light air, than a boat from the schooner boarded her, and presently she let go an anchor. There were a few coarse compliments and greetings exchanged between the crews of the two vessels, and some rough jokes made, as the last-comer veered out the chain, rolled up his sails, and set taut his running gear in quite a tidy and man-of-war style.



"HE TOUCHED THE BELL OVERHEAD AS HE SPOKE, AND, PUTTING HIS MOUTH TO THE TUBE, ASKED, 'ANY THING IN SIGHT?'"

"Go on board the felucca, José, and give my compliments to Don Ignacio, and say I shall be happy to see him," cried Captain Brand from the piazza to a man at the cove; "and tell him," continued he, "that I should have called in person, but I can't bear the hot sun since I caught the fever. Take my gig."

This was said in Spanish, and when he had finished speaking he shaded his face behind the curtain and scowled.

"You're a bird of ill omen, my one-eyed friend; but one of these days I'll wipe out old scores, and new ones too, perhaps," Captain Brand muttered to himself; and from his murderous expression of face he seemed just the man to carry out his threat. Meanwhile a light whale-boat of a gig, manned by four men and a coxswain, pushed off from the shore, and in three strokes of the oars she was alongside the felucca. The coxswain stepped over the low rail, and walking aft, turned down a cuddy of a cabin, took off his hat, and delivered his message. A minute later he again got into the boat, and pulled to the cove, where he said to the Captain,

"Don Ignacio says he'll come in his own boat when he's ready."

"Bueno!" was responded aloud; and then to himself: "Don't ask or receive favors—eh? What an old file the brute is!"

He said no more, but watched. Presently a small man came up out of the cabin of the *Panchita*, but so very slow, and with such a quiet motion, did he emerge, that one might suppose it was a wary animal rather than a human being. He was scrupulously neat in attire—a brown pair of linen trowsers, a Marseilles vest with gold filigree buttons, an embroidered shirt bosom, with diamond studs, and a dark navy-blue broadcloth coat, with standing collar and anchor gilt buttons. His head-gear was simply a white chip hat, with a very narrow brim and a fluttering red ribbon; but beneath it his coal-black hair behind was chopped as close as could be, leaving a single long and well-oiled ringlet on each side, which curled like snakes around a pair of large gold rings pendent from his ears. His complexion was dark, bilious, and swarthy, with a thin, sharp nose, and a million of minute wrinkles, all meeting above, at the corners, and under a small line of a mouth; quite like rays, in fact, and only relaxed when the lips parted to show a few ragged, rotten pegs of sharp teeth. But perhaps the most noticeable feature in his face was his eye—for he had but one—and the spot where the other is seen in the species was merely a red, closed patch of tightly drawn skin, with a few hairs sticking out like iron tacks. His single eye, however, was a jet black, round, piercing organ, which seemed to do duty for half a dozen ordinary glims, and danced with a sharp, malevolent scrutiny, as if the owner was always in search of something, and never found it; and every body and every thing appeared to slink out of its light wherever it glanced around. His age might have been any where from forty to sixty. As he stepped on deck, clear of the cuddy cabin hatch, his sinister optic played about in its socket—now scanning the long brass gun, the half-furled sails, the crew, the ropes, or taking a steady, unwinking glance at the mid-day sun, and then shining off to the shore and sweeping in the *Centipede*, the little pool of blue water, and the mouth of the inlet. Feeling apparently satisfied with the present aspect of affairs, he slowly pulled out a machero from his waistcoat-pocket, plucked a cigaretto from the case, and then proceeded deliberately to strike a light. Even while performing this simple operation his uneasy orb, like unto a black bull's-eye, traversed about in its habitual way; and when he raised the spark of fire with his brown, thin hand, and the claws of fingers loaded with rings, he seemed to be looking into his own mouth. Nodding to a fellow who stood near, with a crimson sash around his waist, he inclined his eye toward the shore, blew out a thin wreath of smoke from his lungs—all the while his vigilant organ shining like a burning spark of lambent jet through the smoke—and merely said,

"The boat!"

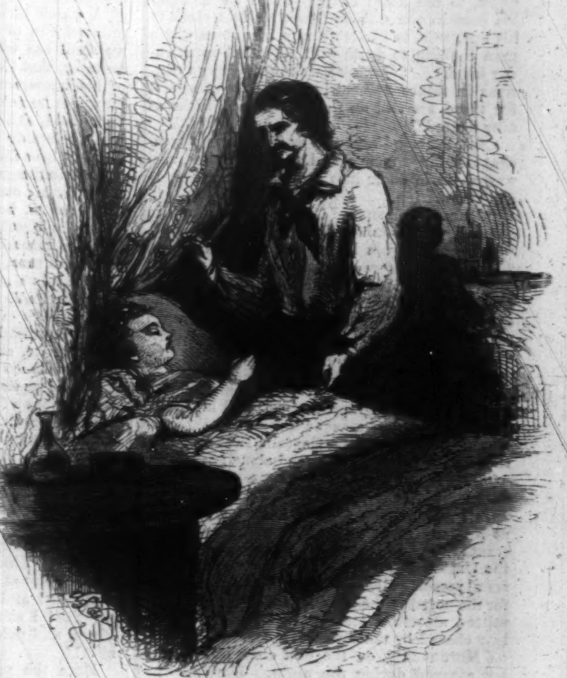
In a moment a small cockle-shell of a punt was lowered from the stern of the felucca, when, stepping carefully in, he seized a scull, and with a few vigorous twists pushed her to the landing at the cove.

During all these movements of the commander of the felucca Captain Brand was by no means an inattentive observer; and indeed he was so extremely critical that he stuck the tube of a powerful telescope through an aperture of the curtains around him, and not only looked at his cautious visitor, but he actually watched the expression of his uneasy eye, and almost counted every wrinkle—finely engraved as they were—on his swarthy visage; but if Captain Brand's own visage reflected an index of his mind, he did not seem over and above pleased with what he saw.

"Has a bundle of papers under his arm! I can see the hilt of that delicate blade, too, sticking out from his wristband. Ah! I've seen him throw that short blade from his coat-sleeve and strike a dollar at twenty yards! Wonderful skill with knives you have, Don Ignacio; but you never yet tried your knack with *me!* Oh no, my Tuerto—bird of ill omen that you are! We can't do without one another, though, just yet; so let us wait and see what's in the wind!"

Soliloquizing these remarks, Captain Brand withdrew his telescope as the commander of the felucca approached, and, with a cheerful smile, waited to receive him. A few moments later the one-eyed individual mounted the rope-ladder stair-way, carefully feeling the strands, however, and looking suspiciously around him as he stepped lightly on the piazza.

"Ah! compadre mio!" exclaimed Captain Brand, in Spanish, as he seized his visitor by the flipper, and squeezed his fingers till the pressure of his valuable rings made him wince, as he was led into the large and spacious saloon, while at the same time the Captain gave him a hearty slap between his narrow shoulders.



"THE DOCTOR DREW NIGH, AND, GENTLY PUSHING ASIDE THE CURTAIN, STOOD LOOKING AT THE CHILD," ETC.

"Ah! compadre! How goes the friend of my soul?"

The small man gave no symptoms of joy at this warm greeting; but screwing his wiry frame out of the Captain's caresses, his eye flashed like a spark of fire quickly up and down and all around the apartment, as if making a mental inventory of the furniture, and not omitting his tall companion from the crown of his head to the toes of his straw slippers, when he quietly remarked through his closed teeth,

"*Como estamos?*"—"How are we?"

"Ah, Don Ignacio, *poco bueno, poco malo!* Half and half. Just getting well over that maldito attack of Yellow Jack."

"Hum! more bad than good. No. I've brought you some letters from the agent at Havana."

"Thanks—thanks, my friend. Ho! Babette! Babette! Some anisette for Don Ignacio. Presto! my good Baba. There; that will do!" he said, merrily, as the liqueur and glasses were placed on the table. "And don't omit the turtle soup for dinner, and tell Lascar Joe to make it. Ah! I forget—the best cook I had—the devil's making soup of him now. However, do the best you can, my Baba, and let us have dinner about sunset."

Then turning to his visitor, with a graceful bow and a laugh, he added: "And we'll have the Doctor to join us, and tell how he cut off our poor friend Gibbs's leg with a hand-saw. Dios! amigo! Capital joke, 'pon my honor!" Captain Brand's honor! Lord have mercy upon us! And he had very few jokes and never told one himself.

"Hum!" replied the Tuerto, in the pause of the conversation. "There's better jokes than that to hear. Mira! look!"

With this brief rejoinder he threw a bundle of newspapers on the table, and pulling out a packet of letters from a breast-pocket, pitched it toward his host. Then helping himself to a thimbleful of anisette, he took off his narrow-brimmed chip hat for the first time, polished up his eye a bit with the knuckle of his fore-finger, and looked at his companion fixedly.

"Letters, I see, from our old friend Moreno, at Havana," said Captain Brand, as he sat down on the settee, and with a pretty tortoise-shell knife cut round the seals. "Ah! what says he? 'Happy to inform you,' is he? 'Packages of French silks seized by custom-house on account of informal invoice and clearance.' Why didn't the fool forge others, then? Well, what next? 'Schooner *Reel*, from Barbadoes, with cargo of rum and jerked beef, wrecked going into Principe, and crew thrown into prison on suspicion of being engaged in—' Oh! ah! served them right, when I ordered them to St. Jago—delighted they must be! 'Bills for advances and stores now due, please remit per hands of Don Ignacio Sanchez—'" Here Captain Brand caught a ray from the one eye of his companion, which he returned with interest; and then laying the letters down on the table with the softest motion in life, he exclaimed, with a sigh,

"Not the best news in the world, as you say, compadre; all those rich goods and those bags of coffee and pipes of rum gone to the devil. But these are little accidents in our profession."

"Como?" said Señor Ignacio, "*our* profession?" shaking his forefinger before his paper cigar in a deprecating manner. "Speak for yourself, amigo."

"Ah! true," the other went on—"my profession. The freedom of the seas, the toll of the tropics, the right of search, and all that sort of buccaneering pastime, is liable, you know, to the usual risks." Here he inclined his head to one side and gave a slight click to his lips, as if to illustrate in a humorous way a man choking to death with a knotted rope under his ear. "However, we must be more cautious in future and retrieve the past disasters, for there are still on the sea as good barks as ever floated."

Captain Brand said this as if he were a merchant of large means and strict integrity, and was about to enter into some shrewd commercial speculation.

"Hum!" murmured Señor Ignacio while pouring out another little glass of anisette. "Amigo mio! you had better read the papers from Havana before you talk of another cruise."

"Oh! delighted to read the news, quite refreshing to get a peep at the world after being cooped up here for months! Another French revolution! Bonaparte alive yet! A Patriot war! Nelson and Villeneuve! All interesting."

Thus glancing rapidly over the prints, pausing at times at a paragraph that arrested his attention, then tossing a paper away and taking up another, till suddenly Captain Brand's hand shook with passion as he read aloud:

"His Britannic Majesty's squadron has been augmented on the West India station. The brig *Fire Fly*, corvettes *Croaker* and *Joker*, touched at Nassau, New Providence, on the second instant, bound to leeward. We also learn that the United States have fitted out a squadron of small vessels, called the Musquito Fleet, to search for the noted pirate Brand, who has so long committed atrocities among the islands. He was last chased by the American corvette *Scourge*, off Morant Bay, on the east coast of Jamaica, but escaped during the night. The following day a shattered boat was picked up which had been cut adrift from the piratical schooner, containing several dead and dying bodies of the pirates. One of the latter gave such information to the Captain of the *Scourge* as leads to the hope that Brand's retreat may soon be discovered and his nest of pirates be destroyed. Recent advices from Principe state that a vessel loaded with valuable merchandise struck on the Cavallo Reef and went down. The crew, however, five in number, were rescued, but on landing were identified by the mate of the English bark *Trident* as a portion of the men who robbed that vessel and murdered the master and several of the passengers. Our readers may remember that among the latter were two sisters, who leaped overboard and were drowned, to save themselves the horror of a more cruel fate. The men alluded to, who were wrecked in the brig off Principe, were sent in chains to Havana, and were yesterday publicly garroted in the Plaza of Moro Castle.

CHAPTER XI.

CONVERSATION IN SLEEVES AND POCKETS.

CAPTAIN BRAND laid down the paper without a sign of outward emotion, and nodded his head several times at the one-eyed man facing him. He then extracted his perfumed handkerchief, examined the cipher in the corner, and waved it before his face. Don Ignacio pulled out a red silk bandana and polished his eye as if it were the lens to a spy-glass. At length the former spoke: "Amigo mio! The nets are spreading! But the fish are not in them yet!"

"No, amigo!"

"Ah, compadre! *viento y ventura poca dura!* the fair breezes have chopped around in our teeth! Success, my friend, creates jealousy, envy, hatred, and malice! Now here were we swimming along as quietly as sharks under water, only coming up for a bite occasionally, when on come those villainous sword-fishes and wish to drive us away?" Captain Brand gave expression to this pious homily in a tone of virtuous reproach against the world at large, and as if he were a very much maligned and ill-used gentleman. He touched the bell overhead as he spoke, and, putting his mouth to the tube, asked,

"Any thing in sight?"

"Nothing, Señor."

"Telegraph the man at the Tiger Trap station to keep a bright look-out, and direct the gunner to keep the battery manned day and night! Tell the boatswain to set taut the chain on the other side at the Alligator's Mouth!"

Don Ignacio gave a rather suspicious glimmer at his vessel as this last order was given, and smiled; that is, if a one-sided twitch to the wrinkles about the line of his mouth could be tortured into a smile. His companion seemed to divine what was passing in the Don's mind, for he added, politely,

"The cable won't interfere with the *Panchita!*"

"No, amigo! the felucca is anchored just *outside* of it!" The Tuerto was not a man to leave any thing to chance, and he had taken the precaution to be on the safe side of the pirates, either as friends or enemies. He had indeed been as near an approach to a pirate himself as could be, and had only abandoned the business for a profession quite as bad, where there was less risk and more profit. In other words, he was now a colonial officer in command of a Guarda Costa, winking—but without shutting his eye—at piracy whenever he was well paid for it; and he invariably was well paid for it or else he made mischief. Withal, he was as crafty and determined an old villain as ever sailed the West Indies. He had amassed a large fortune, and owned several tobacco estates—pretty much all his wealth acquired by the easy trouble of holding his tongue. Yet his greed was insatiable, and he probably would have sold the fingers from his hands, and his legs' and arms with them, all save his single black ball of an optic—which was invaluable to him—for doubloons. In fact, this feverish thirst after gold, which always raged in his hot veins, had induced him to pay Captain Brand a visit, and we shall see with what result. The truth is, however, that Captain Brand was the only man of his numerous villainous acquaintance alive for whom he felt the least dread. He knew him to be bold, skillful, and wary, and so the Don had a tolerably positive conviction that should he play him false, his own neck might get a wrench in the garrote while he was throwing the noose for his coadjutor.

To return, however, to the pair of worthies sitting in conclave in the Pirate's saloon: the Captain, resuming the conversation, observed in a careless tone, quite as if the subject under discussion was a mere ordinary matter,

"When will this swarm of hornets be down upon us?"

The Spaniard blew a thick puff of smoke from his cigarrito, and still holding it between his teeth, while his eye glittered through the murky cloud, he replied,

"Perhaps a fortnight, a little more or less. I left St. Jago five days ago, with orders from the Administrador to beat up this side of the island and procure information for the English consul."

"Any cruisers down that way?"

"Ay! the corvette *Scourge* and the *Snapper* schooner; they arrived the night before I sailed."

"Did you happen to see their officers, amigo?"

"O, si! I had a long talk with the Captain of the corvette at the custom-house!"

"Hola! and you told him—"

"Yes! I showed him a chart of the Isle of Pines, and pointed out how to get into the old hole!"

Here the pair laughed short laughs, when Brand continued his questions with,

"And how did he take the bait?"

"Hooked him, for I heard him order his first lieutenant to be ready for weighing at daylight, and say that my description tallied with that of the dying man they picked up in the *Centipede's* boat!" replied the Tuerto, with a chuckle.

"Bueno!" exclaimed the Pirate, as his face assumed an unwonted sternness, while he rested his cheek on his left hand with the elbow on the table, and slipped his right into the pocket of his trowsers.

"Bueno! amigo mio! But how do I know but you may have made a little mistake, and described another haunt besides the Island of Pines, off in this direction?"

There was the faintest click of a noise in the Captain's pocket as he spoke, but not so faint but that it vibrated on the ear of the Spaniard, and, pushing back his chair a foot or two from the table, he raised his right hand, the forefingers and thumb slightly bent inward, but grasping a jewel-hilted knife, whose dim, blue blade glimmered up the loose sleeve. There was nothing threatening, apparently, in the movement, though the two villains looked at each other with a cold, murderous, unflinching glare.

The Don was the first to break the silence; and he said, in a low, hissing tone,

"Maldito! Because I had a little account of plata to settle with you before the men-o'-war should roast you out! But beware! Capitano mio! I left a little will at St. Jago with directions where to find me in case I did not return in a certain time!"

"Ho, compadre! how very cautious with your friends! Why, what has put such thoughts into your head? Diavolo! we have stood by one another too long to separate now! There! my hand upon it!"

Saying this Captain Brand's whole manner changed, and drawing his hand from his pocket he reached over toward his companion. The Don, however, watched him narrowly, and his eye shot out a wary sparkle as he withdrew his hand, when cautiously putting forth his own left, he touched the cold, thin, brown fingers to those of the man before him. This operation ended, he quietly sipped a few drops of anisette and rolled and lighted another paper cigar.

"Well, amigo! let us now proceed to business," said Brand, gayly, "for dinner will soon be ready, and we have no time to lose. How stands the account?"

"The papers are on board the felucca, and it will be more convenient when the settlement is made to come on board with the money. How would to-morrow morning do? There's no hurry."

"Just as you choose, friend of my soul! The doubloons, or the silk, or broadcloth is ready for you at any moment. Pay you in any thing except the delicious wines of France. Bueno!" he added, pulling out a splendid gold repeater, with a marquis's coronet on the chased back. "And now, amigo! accept this little token into the bargain."

Don Ignacio's fiery eye twinkled with greed; but it was only for a moment, when, giving a quick glance at the coronet and coat of arms, he waved his forefinger gently to and fro and shook his head.

"What! No? Why you know it once belonged to the Captain-General of Cuba, old Tol de rol de riddle rol—what *was* his name? He gave it me, you know, together with some other trinkets, for saving his life—a—you remember? Very generous old gentleman—nobleman indeed—he was. May he live a thousand years, or more, if he can!"

Ay, Don Ignacio did remember the circumstance attending that generous transaction, and he remembered to have heard also that the Captain-General made a present of all his money and jewels with the point of a broad blade quivering at his throat. He said nothing, however, in allusion to this interesting episode, but he smiled meaningly, and went on with his cigar.

"Not take it, eh? Well, amigo, I must look you up something else; but now for dinner. Babette, clear away for dinner. Here are the keys of the wine-cellar. The best, my beauty, and plenty of it." Then turning to his companion: "Suppose we take a stroll to the Tiger's Trap; the sun is sinking, and a walk will give us an appetite for the turtle-soup—vamanos!"

CHAPTER XII.

DOCTOR AND PRIEST.

WHILE Captain Brand and Don Ignacio Sanchez walked pleasantly along the pebbly shore of the clear blue inlet to the Tiger's Trap, let us, too, saunter amidst the habitations which sheltered the Pirate's haunt. Apart from the mat-sheds of the shelly cove of the basin, where the *Centipede* and *Panchita* were anchored, there was a nest of red-tiled buildings which served the crew of the former vessel for a dwelling when in port. It was pleasantly situated on a little sandy plateau, within a stone's-throw of the water, and shaded by a cluster of palm-trees; while in the rear was a dense jungle of canes and bushes, through which led numerous paths to a small lagoon beyond. The buildings were of one story, constructed of loose stones, the holes plastered with yellow clay, with broad, projecting eaves extending over roughly-built piazzas. Seated at table in a room in one of these buildings we have described were two men. One, the shorter of the two, was dressed in a long, loose, bombazine cassock, girded about his waist by a white rope, which fell in knotted ends over his knees. Around his open neck was hung a string of black ebony beads, hooked on to a heavy gold cross which rested on his capacious breast, and which the wearer was continually feeling and occasionally pressing to his lips. His face was dark and sensual—thick, unctuous lips, a flat nose, and large black eyes—while a glossy fringe of raven hair went like a thick curtain all around his head, only leaving a bluish-white round patch on the shaved crown. This individual was the Padre Ricardo, who, for some good reasons best known to himself, had left his clerical duties in his native city of Vera Cruz and taken service with Captain Brand. One of the reasons for leaving—and rather abruptly, too—was for thrusting a cuchillo into the heart of his own father, who had reported him to his superior for his licentiousness. The Padre, however, always declared that he was actuated entirely by filial duty in killing his old parent, to save him the pain and disgrace which would have followed the exposure of his son! He still clung to the priestly calling, and prided himself upon his fasts and vigils, and never omitted the smallest forms or penances; and said mass from Ave Maria in the early morning to Angelus at vesper time in the evening. For Captain Brand he was always ready to shrive a dying pirate—and pretty busy he was, too, at times—or hear the confession of one with a troubled conscience in sound health; which, if important to the safety or well-being of the fraternity, he took a quiet opportunity of imparting to his superior in command. In these pursuits he not only made himself useful to Captain Brand, but he became more or less his confidant and adviser; and seemed to maintain his influence by ghostly advice over the superstitious feelings of the men. The Padre, however, utterly detested the sea, and never touched his soft feet in the water if he could by any possibility avoid it; but since he had plenty to eat and drink on the island, and no end of prayers for his amusement when in charge of the haunt—as he was—to look out for the people who were left when the *Centipede* sailed on a cruise, he thus passed the time in a delightfully agreeable manner.

The companion who sat opposite to the Padre was a tall, gaunt, cadaverous person, evidently of French extraction, with something kind and human about his face; but yet the physiognomy expressed the utmost determination of character—such a heart and eye as could perform a delicate surgical operation without a flutter of nerve or eyelid, and who would stand before a leveled pistol looking calmly down the barrel as the hammer fell. His face was intellectual, and he never smiled. His whole appearance portrayed a thorough seaman. Where he came from no one knew; nor did he ever open his lips, even to the Captain, with a reason for taking service among his band. All known was that he landed from a slaver at St. Jago, and was engaged by Don Ignacio to serve professionally with Brand to assist the Patriots on the Spanish Main. When, however, he reached the rendezvous of the pirates, and discovered that they were altogether a different sort of patriots than he had bargained for, he nevertheless made no objections to remain, and took the oath of allegiance; only stipulating that he should not be called upon to take an active part in their proceedings. Here, then, he remained for nearly three years, attending to the sick or wounded, taking no interest in the accounts of the exploits of the freebooters around him—rarely, indeed, holding speech with any one save his room-mate, the Padre, or occasionally a dinner or a walk with Captain Brand. On the last expedition, however, of the *Centipede* he had been induced to go on board, so that he might become a check and guard over the brutal ruffian who had been placed temporarily in command; but, as we have already seen, his influence had been of little avail.

There was yet another occupant of the room inhabited by the Doctor and Padre Ricardo; and a low moaning cry caused the former to rise quietly from his chair and approach the low iron bedstead on his side of the lodging. There, beneath a light gauze mosquito-net, lay our poor little Henri—his once round, rosy, innocent face now pale and thin, with a red spot on each cheek, and a dark, soft line beneath the closed eyes. Uneasily he moved in his fitful slumber; and putting his little hands together as if in prayer, he murmured, "Oh! mama, mama!" Beside the bed stood an unglazed jar of lemonade, together with a phial and a spoon. The Doctor drew nigh, and, gently pushing aside the curtain, stood looking at the child for some minutes. Presently the little sick boy feebly stretched out his delicate, thin limbs, and unclosed his eyes. Oh! how dim, and sad, and touching was that look, as he gave a timid, half-wild stare, and then, closing the lids tight together, the hot drops bubbled out and coursed slowly down his tender cheeks.

The Doctor, with the gentleness of a woman, bent over him, and taking up his poor, limp little hand, he remained feeling the fluttering pulse and catching the hot breath on his dark cheeks. As if communing with himself—as a glow of compassion lighted up his care-worn visage, he muttered. "By the great and good God who hears me, if I save this child I will restore him to his heart-broken mother!" He sank down on his knees by the bedside as he made his vow, and letting the little hand rest on the bed, he buried his face in his large bony hands. What thoughts passed through that man's mind none but the Almighty knows; but when he arose his stern features had resumed their wonted expression, and pouring a little lemonade in a glass he held it to the sleeper's lips. Then moving noiselessly back to the table, he said, in a low tone,

"Padre, the boy will live. His fever is leaving him, and he will get well."

"Ave Maria Santissima!" ejaculated the Padre, crossing himself and kissing his cross, "I pray for him! You must give him to me, Doctor. I will make him a little priest, and he shall swing the censer and chant the Misericordia when I get the new chapel built."

"Time enough to think of that, mi Padre, when he gets strong again. But just now all the prayers *you* can say for him will do him no good, and so I hope you won't put yourself to the trouble."

"Cierto, amigo, Doctor; but don't sneer at the prayers of the Church. They do good; they ease the soul and soothe the pangs of Purgatory."

"Ah! and how long do you expect to stop in Purgatory?"

"Ave purissima! What a question to ask your pious and devout Padre Ricardo!"

"Question the devil when you want fire," retorted the Doctor, as he opened a book lying on the table before him, and put an end to the dialogue. His companion quietly helped himself to a measure of pure gin and unclasped the covers of his richly-bound missal.

Scarcely, however, had their conversation ceased when a hoarse hum of many voices was heard in the direction of the sheds without, mingled with shouts in all tongues and uproarious laughter.

"Diavolo!" said the Doctor, looking out of an open window; "the people have knocked off work and are coming home to their supper.

They seem to have brought some of the crew of the felucca with them too. We shall have a loud night of it, for the Captain has sent them a pipe of wine and a barrel of rum to carouse with."

"Pobre citos! They have had a hard time of it during the summer; short of rum, and water too, I hear, and they need refreshment and repose. So many of my poor flock killed too by that savage American corvette, and I not near to administer the last consolations and holy rites," sighed the Padre, as he kissed the crucifix and bowed his head. "There is Lascar Joe too among the missing! He refused the Sacrament, infidel as he was, the day before he sailed; but what turtle-soup he made!" The Padre hereupon sighed deeply again, but whether for the loss of the Lascar or the soup no one knows.

The noise without increased; the rattle of crockery, the clinking of glasses, the moving of feet, and all the sounds of hungry, boisterous sailors at table. Soon, too, a shout or cheer would be heard, then a verse of a song, roars of laughter, and now and then the tinkle of a guitar struck by vigorous fingers in waltz or fandango.

"Merci!" muttered the Doctor, as he looked compassionately at the sick child on the bed, "those noisy devils will, I fear, disturb the little boy, and it's as hot here too, Padre, as the place we all are going to."

"It is warm, my son!" he replied, as his thick, unctuous lips parted with a smile at his companion's allusion to another and a hotter place; "but I think our good Capitano would have a cot slung for my little priest in the saloon of the big building there. It is always cool on the crag, you know!"

"Ah! perhaps he will!" said the Doctor, reflectively; "I'll see about it."

Stepping again to the bedside of the little sufferer, he laid a hand gently on his forehead, where the soft curls lay in confusion about his temples, and then quickly touching his pulse he regarded him attentively for a few moments, while at the same time a light glow of perspiration came faintly over the innocent face and spread itself down the neck.

"His fever is breaking! Grace à Dieu!" whispered the Doctor to the Padre; "his breath is regular and cool, and he is sleeping sweetly. Now, if you like, we will go to see the Captain; and if he consents, I will carry the child when he wakes to the dwelling." The Doctor carefully closed the door of the room as he and his companion stepped out into the open courtyard and moved toward the spacious sheds beyond.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, April 23, in the Senate, President Buchanan transmitted copies of the instructions given to Mr. M'Lane, when Minister to China. The Postmaster-General was called upon for copies of the contracts executed with Messrs. Johnson and Vanderbilt, respectively, for carrying the mails.——In the House, Mr. Sherman suggested that time might be saved if gentlemen were willing to discuss the tariff, and kindred topics, in Committee of the Whole. But a motion of Mr. Phelps, that when the House adjourn, it be to Thursday, was vetoed, and the House went into Committee of the Whole. Mr. Avery defended Southern rights from Republican aggression, and Mr. Morrell argued that the revision of the tariff was a necessity, that the part of the public debt which falls due in 1868 may be met.

On Tuesday, April 24, the Senate was not in session.——The House transacted no business, the session being occupied with debates on the slavery and tariff questions.

On Wednesday, April 25, the Senate not being in session, in the House, a bill was introduced providing that newspaper and periodical vendors may receive packages by mail at pro rata rates of freight. In Committee of the Whole, several Republican members, including Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, delivered their views on the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law.

On Thursday, April 26, in the Senate, several executive communications were received, among them the report of Mr. Crosby relative to the difficulty between the United States and Great Britain respecting the occupation of the island of San Juan. Some unimportant business was transacted, and the Senate adjourned till Monday.——In the House a discussion took place on the slavery question.

On Friday, April 27, in the House, the Senate not being in session, a resolution was offered directing the Secretary of War to communicate to the Military Committee a full plan of the floating steam battery, for the defense of the harbor of New York, which has been in progress of construction at Hoboken for some years past, under the superintendence of the Messrs. Stevens. Objection was made to the reception of the resolution, and no action was taken on it. In Committee of the Whole, half a dozen political speeches were made.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

At the City of Charleston, on April 23, 1860, the Democratic National Convention assembled at noon. There was a full attendance from every State in the Union. The Convention was called to order by Judge Smalley, Chairman of the National Committee. Francis B. Flournoy, of Arkansas, was chosen temporary Chairman, and returned thanks for the honor. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Hanckell, of Charleston. William F. Ritchie, of Virginia, was appointed temporary Secretary. After a warm dispute occasioned by the attempt to read a letter from the Wood delegation from New York, Mr. Cook, of Ohio, offered a resolution to appoint a committee on permanent organization. Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, offered an amendment that the committee shall consist only of members from States from which there is no contest. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, spoke in favor of harmony, and urged gentlemen to keep calm and preserve order. Mr. Cochrane did not desire any thing but a fair hearing. Mr. Cook, of Ohio, offered a resolution excluding only New York and Illinois from participating in the organization, the entire delegations being contested. Mr. Clarke, of Missouri, protested that the resolution was out of order; that no State should be excluded whose delegations have been admitted to the floor. (Cheering and excitement.) Mr. Cook contended that those who were admitted to the floor had a right to participate in all the acts of organization except the Committee on Credentials. A long debate followed, participated in by Messrs. Richardson, Judge Meek, of Alabama, and Barksdale, of Mississippi. Mr. Cessna offered an amendment that two committees, one on organization, and one on credentials, be appointed, Illinois and New York to be excluded from the latter. The previous question was called, and the resolution adopted by ayes 254, noes 44.

The vote on excluding the New York and Illinois delegations from the Committee on Credentials was adopted with the following negative votes: Maryland, 1; Virginia, 15; Georgia, 10; Alabama, 9; Louisiana, 6; Mississippi, 7; Texas, 4; California, 2. Balance all in the affirmative. Ayes, 244; nays, 5[illegible]. A resolution was introduced requesting the delegates from New York and Illinois not to participate in the organization until the right to the seats of the delegates is settled. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was carried—ayes, 259; nays, 44. On this motion the vote was nearly the same as the previous one, except that Virginia voted in the affirmative and Arkansas in the negative.

The States were called for the names of the Committee on Organization and Credentials, and were appointed by the delegations.

A resolution was offered requesting the credentials to be handed to Secretary Fisher, of Virginia, and demanded that Fernando Wood's letter be now read and referred to the Committee on Credentials. Mr. Cochrane moved that it be received and referred to the Committee without a reading. After much excitement it was adopted. The credentials having been handed to the Committee, on motion the Convention adjourned at three until ten o'clock the following day.

THE ORGANIZATION.

On the following day, April 24, the National Democratic Convention reassembled at ten o'clock.

The Committee on Permanent Organization reported in favor of Hon. Caleb Cushing for President, and one Vice President and Secretary from each State in the Union. Those of New York are, Erastus Corning and J. Edward Coop; Maryland, W. D. Bowie and B. F. Lowe; Pennsylvania, Thomas Cunningham and F. Van Zandt.

The Committee on Permanent Organization also reported an additional rule, to wit: That in any State in which it has not been provided or directed by its State Convention how its vote may be given, the Convention will recognize the right of each delegate to cast his individual vote.

Mr. Wright, of Pennsylvania, made a strong appeal for harmony. If harmony did not prevail here, the nominations to be made would not be worth the paper on which they were recorded when brought before the people. He was in favor of the rule. Every delegate should be permitted to cast his vote in accordance with his convictions and those of his constituents. Pennsylvania had never voted as a unit except when their sentiment was unanimous. He closed by demanding the previous question, and the vote was then taken on that part of the report relating to presiding officers, and it was adopted unanimously.

Mr. Flournoy, the temporary Chairman, then returned thanks, counseling moderation and harmony. We are all marching under one flag. The Democratic party has but one flag—the flag of our country. He denounced sectionalism, and hoped no more allusions would be made to such divisions.

CALEB CUSHING'S ADDRESS.

Hon. Caleb Cushing was then introduced to the Convention, amidst tumultuous applause.

When the cheering subsided General Cushing addressed the Convention as follows;

Gentlemen of the Convention,—I respectfully tender to you my most earnest expression of gratitude for the honor which you have this day done me in appointing me to preside over your deliberations. It is, however, a responsible duty imposed, much more than a high honor conferred. In the discharging of that duty, in the direction of business and of debate, and in the preservation of order, it shall be my constant endeavor faithfully and impartially to officiate here as your minister, and not humbly to reflect your will. In a great deliberative assembly like this it is not the presiding officer in whom the strength resides. It is not his strength, but yours—your intelligence—your sense of order—your instinct of self-respect. I rely, gentlemen, confidently upon you, not upon myself, for the prompt and parliamentary dispatch of the business of this Convention. Gentlemen, you have come here from the green hills of the Eastern States, from the rich States of the imperial centre, from the sun-lighted plains of the South, from the fertile States of the mighty basin of the Mississippi, from the golden shores of the distant Oregon and California. [Loud cheers.] You have come hither in the exercise of the highest functions of a free people, to participate, to aid in the election of the future rulers of the republic. You do this as the representatives of the Democratic party—of that great party of the Union whose proud mission it is to maintain the public liberties, to reconcile popular freedom for constitutional order, to maintain the sacred reserved rights of the sovereign States. [Loud and long-continued applause.] To stand, in a word, the perpetual sentinels of the outposts of the Constitution. [Cries of "That's the talk!" and loud and enthusiastic cheering.] Ours, gentlemen, is the motto inscribed on that scroll in the hands of the monumental statue of the great statesman of South Carolina—"Truth, Justice, and the Constitution." [Loud cheers.] Opposed to us are those who labor to overthrow the Constitution, under the false and insidious pretense of supporting it; those who are aiming to produce in this country a permanent sectional conspiracy—a traitorous sectional conspiracy—of one half of the States of the Union against the other half; those who, impelled by the stupid and half-insane spirit of faction and fanaticism, would hurry our land on to revolution and to civil war. These, the banded enemies of the Constitution, it is the part, the high and noble part, of the Democracy of the Union to withstand, to strike down, and to conquer. Ay, that is our part, and we will do it in the name of our dear country—with the help of God we will do it. [Loud and enthusiastic cheers.] Ay, we will do it; for, gentlemen, we will not distrust ourselves; we will not despair of the genius of our country; we will continue to repose with undoubting faith in the good providence of Almighty God. [Loud applause.]

Mr. Cushing was again loudly cheered upon the conclusion of his address.

UNIT VOTING.

A warm debate sprang up on the rule reported by the Committee on Organization, in which Messrs. Richardson, M'Cork, Cessna, of Pennsylvania; Barry, of Mississippi; Josiah Randall, of Pennsylvania, and many others took [illegible]. Several of the Southern delegates opposed the r[illegible]. Mr. Randall also opposed it, declaring that certain refractory members in the Pennsylvania delegation proposed to violate and misrepresent their constituents in voting for Douglas, whose nomination, in his opinion, would lead to certain defeat. He then went into a review of the action of preceding Democratic Conventions on this subject. Mr. Richardson rose to reply, and asked Mr. Randall who made him an expounder of Democratic principles and freedom? How long had the gentleman been in the Democratic ranks? This caused cries of "Order" and great excitement. Several persons rose to points of order. The Chairman decided that Mr. Richardson was entitled to the floor, and then changed his decision denying his right. Mr. Richardson, standing on a chair in the centre of the hall, with his sleeves rolled up, and determined to be heard, was finally allowed to go on, and again attacked Mr. Randall as having recently come into the fold, alluding to his political antecedents as entitling his opinions on Democracy to but little consideration. He did not desire, after a life's service in the cause, to be reproved by the recruits of yesterday. [Applause.] The question was called on the motion to strike out the rule relative to the right of members of each delegation to vote as they think proper, unless instructed by the convention that appointed them. During the calling of the roll the greatest excitement existed. The Tennessee, Virginia, and Indiana delegations protested against the announcement of the Chairman, giving the votes of the several States as a unit against the adoption of the rule. Ten of the twelve Tennessee delegates were opposed to the manner in which the vote of that State had been recorded. The vote was finally announced as follows: ayes, 101; nays, 198. So the rule was adopted, and the majority of a delegation can not compel the minority to vote with them as a unit unless instructed by the convention that appointed them.

THE COMMITTEE ON THE PLATFORM.

The resolution for the appointment of a committee on resolutions and a platform was then called up, and an amendment offered that no balloting be allowed for President or Vice-President until the committee have made their report. A vote was first taken on the resolution for the appointment of the committee, which was adopted. The committee was then appointed. The vote on the rule against unit voting is regarded as a test vote. The vote to lay it on the table was as follows:

Massachusetts	6	Alabama	9
Pennsylvania	14	Louisiana	6
Delaware	1½	Mississippi	7
Maryland	3½	Texas	4
Virginia	15	Arkansas	½
North Carolina	7	Missouri	2
South Carolina	8	California	2½
Georgia	10	Oregon	3
Florida	3		

Total ayes, 101; nays, all the balance of the States, 198.

OTHER MATTERS OF ORGANIZATION.

After the Committee on Platform was announced, the motion was renewed on the proposition that no balloting shall take place until the report of the Committee on Platform be adopted. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was rejected—ayes, 32½, nays, 270½. The vote was then taken on the resolution, and it was adopted by acclamation. A long debate then ensued on the proposition to limit members from speaking more than once on the same subject, and it was finally laid over till to-morrow. The President was directed to invite ministers of the Gospel to open the Convention with prayer. Judge Meek presented the Alabama platform, and it was referred to the Committee on Platform. The Committee on Credentials announced that they would not be able to report before the following morning. The Convention adjourned.

SPEECHES NOT TO BE LIMITED.

On Wednesday, 25th, the Convention met at ten o'clock.

The resolution restricting speakers to fifteen minutes, and but once on the same subject, was taken up, debated, and rejected—ayes, 120; nays, 121.

A Southern delegate demanded that there should be no gag law on any subject.

A resolution was adopted limiting speaking to fifteen minutes on all subjects except the platform, and on that the rule of the House of Representatives will apply, limiting each speaker to one hour.

THE REJECTED DELEGATIONS.

The Committee on Credentials reported that the sitting delegates from New York (anti Wood), Illinois, Massachusetts, and Maryland (the latter T. M. Lannahen and Robert J. Brent) are entitled to their seats.

The report of the minority of the committee was presented. It is signed by the members of the committee from Alabama, California, Arkansas, Texas, Georgia, and Mississippi, and recommends that one half of each of the New York contestants be admitted to the Convention, each to cast 17 votes.

The announcement of the result was received with cheers and great excitement.

A resolution to admit the Wood delegates to honorable seats on the floor added to the excitement, but the resolution was finally laid over under the rule.

A vote was first taken on the Illinois question, and the Douglas delegates were admitted.

The vote was next taken on the Maryland question, and Messrs. Brent and Lannahen were awarded seats.

A vote was taken by States on the minority report of the Committee to divide the votes between the two New York delegations.

The States that voted aye were: North Carolina, 5; Georgia, 10; Virginia, 3½; Missouri, 1; Alabama, 9; Mississippi, 7; Texas, 4; Tennessee, 9; California, 3½; Arkansas, 3. Ayes, 55; nays, 210. So the Dean Richmond delegates were admitted, and the Wood delegates excluded.

After some other business the Convention, at seven o'clock, adjourned.

NO PLATFORM YET.

On Thursday, April 26, nothing was done in the Convention as the Committee on Platform had not reported. Several resolutions were introduced and referred to them.

On Friday, 27th, three reports were made from the Committee on Platform—the first by a majority of the Committee, affirming that it is the duty of Congress to protect slavery in the Territories; another by a minority of the Committee saying nothing about slavery in the Territories, but indorsing the Dred Scott decision; and a third by Ben. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, simply indorsing (which all the others do) the Cincinnati Platform. The three reports were discussed by Messrs. Avery (N. C.), Payne (Ohio), Butler (Mass.), Johnson (Md.), and others. Mr. Cochrane (N. Y.) offered a new Platform, embracing the doctrine of Congressional protection of slavery in the Territories; and Mr. Bayard another to the same purpose. Discussion was had upon them till the adjournment.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT BALTIMORE.

A few persons met at Baltimore on Thursday and organized a Maryland Republican State Convention, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the Chicago Convention, and making preparations for the Presidential canvass. A party of "blood tubs" and other "roughs" attended the meeting, and at an early stage of the proceedings capsized the President's table, knocked down several of the delegates, and destroyed their papers. This put a temporary stop to the deliberations of the Convention. The proprietor of the hall where the meeting was held declined to allow the delegates to occupy his premises in the afternoon. They, however, met at a private office, appointed delegates to the Chicago Convention, and a State Committee who were empowered to nominate an electoral ticket, which they resolved to support at the Presidential election.

PERSONAL.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says that there "was a grand wedding up the North River, on the 19th inst., at Irvington—a place named in honor of the great author. A son of Governor Morgan was married to a daughter of General James Watson Webb, of the *Courier and Enquirer*."

N. W. Lyon, a Revolutionary soldier, died at his residence in Easton, Connecticut, on the morning of the 18th inst., in his one hundred and first year. He was engaged in the Commissariat Department of the Army for some time.

The Prince of Wales, on his visit to this country, will be attended by nine gentlemen of honor and one of the Queen's Secretaries of State, who will probably be the Duke of Newcastle.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

The great prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers came off, near Aldershott, on the morning of 17th April. Forty-three rounds were fought, in all of which Sayers was badly handled by Heenan. Sayers drew first blood, but Heenan got the first throw and the first knock-down. At the thirty-third round, Sayers's friends finding him evidently beaten, set up a cry of police, and began to crowd upon the ring. This continued till the thirty-eighth round. From then to the end of the fight we give the story in the words of Mr. George Wilkes:

Round 38.—It was now plain, from the noise around Sayers's corner, that it was the determination of his party to bring the fight to such a close as would save Sayers the belt; but still Heenan kept to his work, and Macdonald kept steering him with judicious steadiness. He was determined to fight, and to do nothing else, so long as he could get Sayers to fight with him; and though the ring was now on the point of being broken in, he went up to his man and fought as manfully and as desperately as at first. He hit Sayers as he pleased, and, finally, seizing him by the neck, he bent his head under his arm, and held him there and against the ropes completely at his mercy. Left to himself, Sayers must have sunk helpless to the earth, incapable to respond again to time, whereupon, finding a desperate crisis had arrived, the adherents of the Champion actually took hold of Heenan's arms, and while they kicked and struck him, dragged the beaten Champion from his hold.

Round 39.—The confusion was now so great that no appeals could possibly be heard, and the ring being broken in by the friends of Sayers, at the same moment the Referee very improperly got up and retired. Heenan, however, apprehending some new artifice to prevent him from obtaining the belt he had so fairly won, remained in the ring, and when time was called, went after Sayers again through the centre of the crowd that now swarmed within the inner ropes of the arena. Sayers was pushed up toward him, but he easily hit him down or pursued him to the corner among his seconds, as a man would drive a boy.

In the 40th and 41st rounds this dishonorable treatment was repeated, Sayers neither time being brought up until Heenan presented himself before him, and demanded he should come out and fight. Finally, when he went up the last time for

Round 42, finding that though Sayers could not, or would not, rise from his seat in his corner, and his seconds refused to award him the victory that belonged to him, by throwing up the sponge, he advanced upon him in the midst of his seconds and struck him where he sat. Being struck in return by some one else in that corner he turned upon that other party, and, in his just indignation at the outrageous manner in which the object of his ambition had been dishonorably wrested from him, he opened a free fight against them all. His friends, however, interfered, and carried him back to his corner, from whence, after declaring himself to be the winner of the fight, and the true owner of the belt and title of the Champion of England, he left the ring. Fair-minded and honorable Englishmen will decide whether these rights, so dearly and bravely won, shall not be given to him because he is a stranger to their soil.

THE RESULT.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The general topic of conversation in London this morning is the great combat of yesterday. The feeling in the minds of the public is almost unanimous in favor of Heenan. The breaking in of the ring was a concocted plan of the pick-pockets to rob the Americans. The plan succeeded admirably; nearly every American losing his watch or pocket-book.

"Mr. Wilkes has sent to Macdonald to collect the proper testimony, and will appear before the Pugilistic Benevolent Association this evening to demand the belt for Heenan. I saw Heenan last night at 11 P.M., he was quite comfortable and the swelling in his face had much subsided; he says if he had not been kept back by Macdonald he would have fought quicker and would have whipped him before the twentieth round, and this opinion is shared by all the Americans here.

"Mr. Dowling has declared that all the bets must be null and void; he recommends us in England to subscribe a sufficient amount to purchase a belt for Heenan, and to let Sayers keep his. The Americans say that he shall not receive any thing but the Champion Belt, which he is entitled to. I hear nothing but the highest commendations in reference to Heenan's pluck and courage. Sayers was well known to possess endurance and courage, but Heenan compelled every man to pay tribute to his bravery. Heenan wants to fight Sayers immediately, but he will have to abide the decision of the referee.

"Morrissey is dreadfully put out; he had been with Sayers several days, giving him instructions in reference to Heenan's weak points. He had also bet very heavily against him, to the tune of $10,000. During the fight he was constantly applauding when Heenan was struck by Sayers. He has lost favor very much in consequence. My opinion is, they will not fight again. The authorities will certainly prevent it. It is not yet known what course the authorities will take in reference to Heenan's breaking his bond. He has forfeited his bail, which was subscribed by his admirers."

THE NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

An American gentleman in London writes as follows to Mr. Henry Grinnell:

"Dr. Hayes's Expedition has attracted attention here among Arctic officers and others. Since the Americans have given to the world that they are preparing an expedition to the Pole, no one here would for a moment think of interfering or competing for that honor; but from what I can learn from remarks that have dropped from many persons, Arctic officers and scientific men, when the Americans relinquish the attempt, the opportunity will be immediately seized upon by English explorers. There is no doubt that the subject is beginning to attract the attention of Arctic men here, and if Hayes should not go forth I think he may safely claim the credit of having stimulated others to take the matter up."

FRANCE.

THE NEW PROVINCES.

The *Courier of the Alps* announces that French engineers are traveling through the lately annexed provinces of Savoy and Nice, and that they have commenced making plans for numerous public works to be executed. A survey is to be made of the provinces on the plan of the French cadastre; railways are to be constructed; new public roads are to be laid out, and telegraphic wires laid down. The engineers have commenced their operations in the Chablais and Faucigny. A notice posted at the Town-hall of Nice announces that the engineers of the Lyons Railway Company are authorized to execute plans for the completion of the railway from Toulon to the Var. It is announced, on the same authority, that Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde propose to visit, after Easter, Nice, Chambery, and the principal towns of the newly-annexed provinces. The Emperor has decided, on the report of the commissioners sent into the annexed provinces, that the privates now forming the army there shall be discharged, and that the contingent to be levied annually in future will amount to about 4500 men, in place of 17,000 hitherto drawn by conscription. The vote by universal suffrage, on the question of the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France, is to be taken on Sunday the 22d instant.

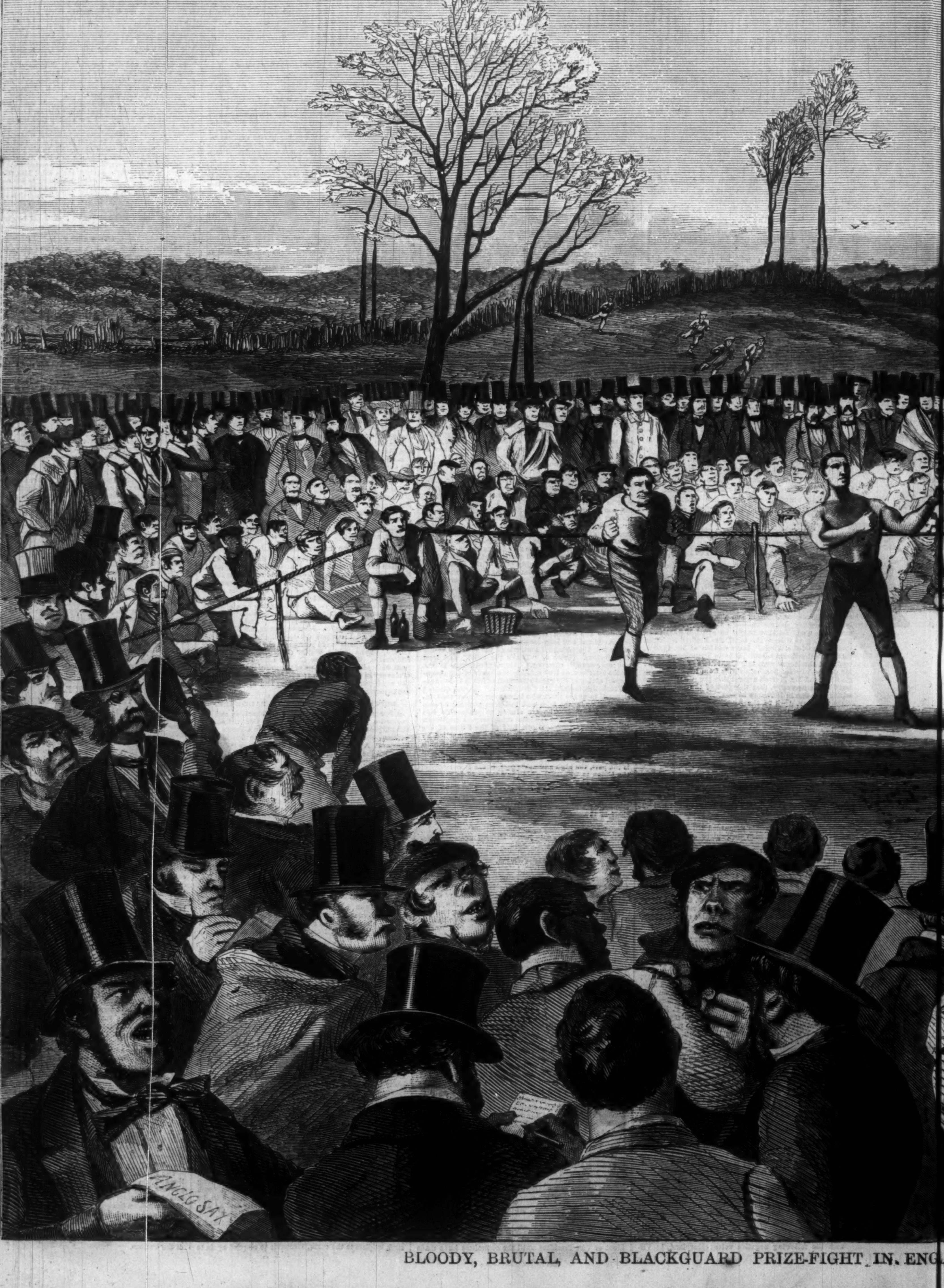
The *Gazette* of Nice says: "The national guard has been ordered to undertake service in the town; and as soon as the necessary arrangements can be effected the battalion of Sardinian infantry which is here is to leave. The French troops are also, it appears, about to leave, the object of withdrawing both the Italian and French troops being to assure an entire liberty in the vote which is about to take place relative to the annexation to France."

ITALY.

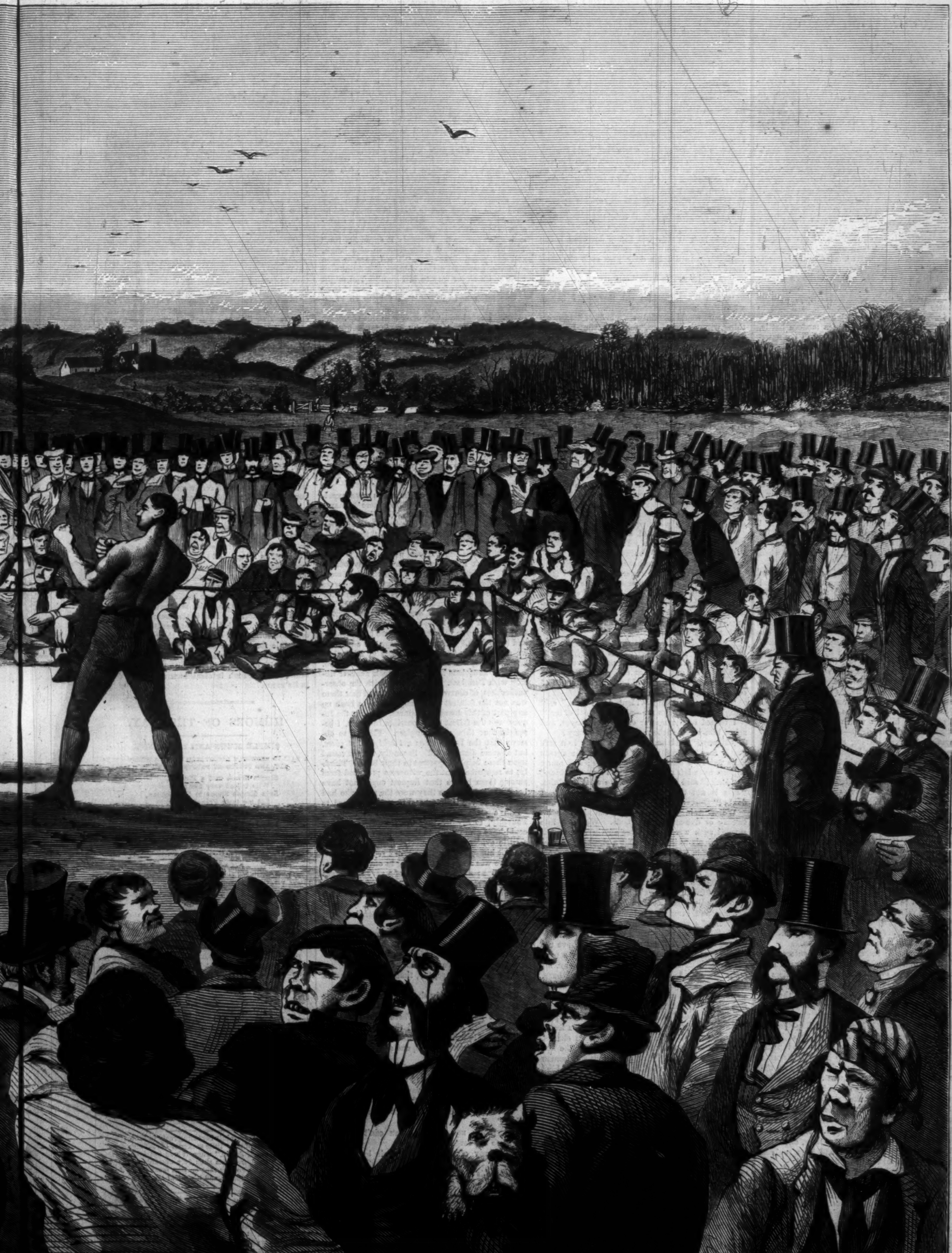
GENERAL LAMORICIERE AT ROME.

A letter from Rome, of the 7th, says: "General Lamoricière has been received at a private audience by the Holy Father. He remained nearly five hours at the Ministry of War, having had conferences with the chief of that department, the four Directors-General, and the Director of the Military Magazines of San Michaele." The same letter states that the General has received the authorization necessary for every Frenchman who enters a foreign military service. A letter from Ancona states that, together with General Lamoricière, the ex-Duke Francis of Modena landed at Ancona on the 26th ult., and that the troops of the Duke of Modena are to join the Papal troops. General Lamoricière, writing to a friend in Paris from Rome, speaks very hopefully of the prospect of affairs. He says, "With the assistance of God, and our own diligence, I hope soon to have Roman Zouaves." When it was first known to the Emperor Napoleon that General Lamoricière had listened to the overtures from Rome to organize the Pontifical army his Majesty is said to have exclaimed, "It is mad, but it is chivalrous."

The *Independance Belge* gives currency to two explanations of the relations between General de Lamoricière and the Holy See. According to one the General has accepted the command in chief of the Pontifical army, his nomination having even appeared in the *Giornale di Roma*, and permission having been accorded to him in an autograph letter addressed by the Emperor of the French to the Holy Father. According to the other explanation the General has not yet accepted the proposals of the Vatican.



BLOODY, BRUTAL, AND BLACKGUARD PRIZE-FIGHT IN ENG



NGLAND, BETWEEN HEENAN AND SAYERS, ON APRIL 17, 1860.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. VII.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I TRAVEL constantly, up and down a certain line of railway that has a terminus in London. It is the railway for a large military dépôt, and for other large barracks. To the best of my serious belief, I have never been on that railway by daylight without seeing some handcuffed deserters in the train.

It is in the nature of things that such an institution as our English army should have many bad and troublesome characters in it. But this is a reason for, and not against, its being made as acceptable as possible to well-disposed men of decent behavior. Such men are assuredly not tempted into the ranks by the beastly inversion of natural laws and the compulsion to live in worse than swinish foulness. Accordingly, when any such Circumlocutional embellishments of the soldier's condition have of late been brought to notice, we civilians, seated in outer darkness cheerfully meditating on an Income Tax, have considered the matter as being our business, and have shown a tendency to declare that we would rather not have it misregulated, if such declaration may, without violence to the Church Catechism, be hinted to those who are put in authority over us.

Any animated description of a modern battle, any private soldier's letter published in the newspapers, any page of the records of the Victoria Cross, will show that in the ranks of the army there exists under all disadvantages as fine a sense of duty as is to be found in any station on earth. Who doubts that if we all did our duty as faithfully as the soldier does his this world would be a better place? There may be greater difficulties in our way than in the soldier's. Not disputed. But let us at least do our duty toward *him*.

I had got back again to that rich port where so many snares are set for Mercantile Jack, and I was walking up a hill there, on a wild March morning. My conversation with my official friend Pangloss, by whom I was accidentally accompanied, took this direction as we took the up-hill direction, because the object of my uncommercial journey was to see some discharged soldiers who had recently come home from India. There were men of HAVELOCK'S among them; there were men who had been in many of the great battles of the great Indian campaign among them; and I was curious to note what our discharged soldiers looked like when they were done with.

I was not the less interested (as I mentioned to my official friend Pangloss) because these men had claimed to be discharged, when their right to be discharged was not admitted. They had behaved with unblemished fidelity and bravery; but a change of circumstances had arisen, which, as they considered, put an end to their compact and entitled them to enter on a new one. Their demand had been blunderingly resisted by the authorities in India; but it is to be presumed that the men were not far wrong, inasmuch as the bungle had ended in their being sent home discharged, in pursuance of orders from home. (There was an immense waste of money, of course.)

Under these circumstances—thought I, as I walked up the hill on which I accidentally encountered my official friend—under these circumstances of the men having successfully opposed themselves to the Pagoda Department of that great Circumlocution Office, on which the sun never sets and the light of reason never rises, the Pagoda Department will have been particularly careful of the national honor. It will have shown these men, in the scrupulous good faith, not to say the generosity, of its dealing with them, that great national authorities can have no small retaliations and revenges. It will have made every provision for their health on the passage home, and will have landed them restored from their campaigning fatigues by a sea-voyage, pure air, sound food, and good medicines. And I pleased myself with dwelling, beforehand, on the great accounts of their personal treatment which these men would carry into their various towns and villages, and on the increasing popularity of the service that would insensibly follow. I almost began to hope that the hitherto-never-failing deserters on my railroad would by-and-by become a phenomenon.

In this agreeable frame of mind I entered the work-house of Liverpool. For the cultivation of laurels in a sandy soil had brought the soldiers in question to *that* abode of Glory.

Before going into their wards to visit them, I inquired how they had made their triumphant entry there? They had been brought through the rain in carts, it seemed, from the landing-place to the gate, and had then been carried up stairs on the backs of paupers. Their groans and pains during the performance of this glorious pageant had been so distressing as to bring tears into the eyes of spectators but too well accustomed to scenes of suffering. They were so dreadfully cold that those who could get near the fires were hard to be restrained from thrusting their feet in among the blazing coals. They were so horribly reduced that they were awful to look upon. Racked with dysentery and blackened with scurvy, one hundred and forty wretched men had been revived with brandy and laid in bed.

My official friend Pangloss is lineally descended from a learned doctor of that name, who was once tutor to Candide, an ingenuous young gentleman of some celebrity. In his personal character he is as humane and worthy a gentleman as any I know; in his official capacity he unfortunately preaches the doctrines of his renowned ancestor, by demonstrating on all occasions that we live in the best of all possible official worlds.

"In the name of Humanity," said I, "how did the men fall into this deplorable state? Was the ship well found in stores?"

"I am not here to asseverate that I know the fact, of my own knowledge," answered Pangloss, in his roundabout official way; "but I have grounds for asserting that the stores were the best of all possible stores."

A medical officer laid before us a handful of rotten biscuit and a handful of split peas. The biscuit was a honey-combed heap of maggots, and the excrement of maggots. The peas were even harder than this filth. A similar handful had been experimentally boiled six hours, and had shown no signs of softening. These were the stores on which the soldiers had been fed.

"The beef—" I began, when Pangloss cut me short.

"Was the best of all possible beef," said he.

But, behold, there was laid before us certain evidence given at the Coroner's Inquest holden on some of the men (who had obstinately died of their treatment), and from that evidence it appeared that the beef was the worst of all possible beef!

"Then I lay my hand upon my heart, and take my stand," said Pangloss, "by the pork, which was the best of all possible pork."

"But look at this food before our eyes, if one may so misuse the word," said I. "Would any Inspector who did his duty pass such abomination?"

"It ought not to have been passed," Pangloss admitted.

"Then the authorities out there—" I began, when Pangloss cut me short again.

"There would certainly seem to have been something wrong somewhere," said he; "but I am prepared to prove that the authorities out there are the best of all possible authorities."

I never heard of an impeached public authority in my life who was not the best public authority in existence.

"We are told of these unfortunate men being laid low by scurvy," said I. "Since lime-juice has been regularly stored and served out in our navy, surely that disease, which used to devastate it, has almost disappeared. Was there lime-juice aboard this transport?"

My right official was beginning "the best of all possible—" when an inconvenient medical forefinger pointed out another passage in the evidence, from which it appeared that the lime-juice had been bad too. Not to mention that the vinegar had been bad too, the vegetables bad too, the cooking accommodation insufficient (if there had been any thing worth mentioning to cook), the water supply exceedingly inadequate, and the beer sour.

"Then the men," said Pangloss, a little irritated, "were the worst of all possible men."

"In what respect?" I asked.

"Oh! Habitual drunkards," said Pangloss.

But again the same incorrigible medical forefinger pointed out another passage in the evidence, showing that the dead men had been examined after death, and that they, at least, could not possibly have been habitual drunkards, because the organs within them which must have shown traces of that habit were perfectly sound.

"And besides," said the three doctors present, one and all, "habitual drunkards brought as low as these men have been could not recover under care and food, as the great majority of these men are recovering. They would not have strength of constitution to do it."

"Reckless and improvident dogs, then," said Pangloss. "Always are—nine times out of ten."

I turned to the master of the work-house, and asked him whether the men had any money?

"Money?" said he. "I have in my iron safe nearly four hundred pounds of theirs; the agents have nearly a hundred pounds more; and many of them have left money in Indian banks besides."

"Hah!" said I to myself, as we went up stairs, "this is not the best of all possible stories, I doubt!"

We went into a large ward, containing some twenty or five-and-twenty beds. We went into several such wards, one after another. I find it very difficult to indicate what a shocking sight I saw in them, without frightening the reader from the perusal of these lines and defeating my object of making it known.

Oh the sunken eyes that turned to me as I walked between the rows of beds, or—worse still—that glazedly looked at the white ceiling, and saw nothing and cared for nothing! Here lay the skeleton of a man, so lightly covered with a thin unwholesome skin that not a bone in the anatomy was clothed, and I could clasp the arm, above the elbow, in my finger and thumb. Here lay a man with the black scurvy eating his legs away, his gums gone, and his teeth all gaunt and bare. This bed was empty, because gangrene had set in, and the patient had died but yesterday. That bed was a hopeless one, because its occupant was sinking fast, and could only be roused to turn the poor pinched mask of face upon the pillow with a feeble moan. The awful thinness of the fallen cheeks, the awful brightness of the deep-set eyes, the lips of lead, the hands of ivory, the recumbent human images lying in the shadow of death, with a kind of solemn twilight on them, like the sixty who had died aboard the ship and were lying at the bottom of the sea—oh, Pangloss, God forgive you!

In one bed lay a man whose life had been saved (as it was hoped) by deep incisions in the feet and legs. While I was speaking to him a nurse came up to change the poultices which this operation had rendered necessary, and I had an instinctive feeling that it was not well to turn away merely to spare myself. He was sorely wasted and keenly susceptible; but the efforts he made to subdue any expression of impatience or suffering were quite heroic. It was easy to see, in the shrinking of the figure and the drawing of the bed-clothes over the head, how acute the endurance was, and it made me shrink too, as if *I* were in pain; but when the new bandages were on, and the poor feet were composed again, he made an apology for himself (though he had not uttered a word), and said, plaintively, "I am so tender and weak, you see, Sir!" Neither from him nor from any one sufferer of the whole ghastly number did I hear a complaint. Of thankfulness for present solicitude and care I heard much; of complaint not a word.

I think I could have recognized in the dismalest skeleton there the ghost of a soldier. Something of the old air was still latent in the palest shadow of life that I talked to. One emaciated creature, in the strictest literality worn to the bone, lay stretched on his back, looking so like death that I asked one of the doctors if he were not dying or dead? A few kind words from the doctor in his ear, and he opened his eyes, and smiled—looked, in a moment, as if he would have made a salute if he could. "We shall pull him through, please God," said the Doctor. "Plase God, Surr, and thankye," said the patient. "You are much better to-day, are you not?" said the Doctor. "Plase God, Surr; 'tis the slape I want, Surr; 'tis my breathin' makes the nights so long." "He is a careful fellow this, you must know," said the Doctor, cheerfully; "it was raining hard when they put him in an open cart to bring him here, and he had the presence of mind to ask to have a sovereign taken out of his pocket that he had there, and a cab engaged. Probably it saved his life." The patient rattled out the skeleton of a laugh, and said, proud of the story, "'Deed, Surr, an open cairt was a comical means o' bringin' a dyin' man here, and a clever way to kill him." You might have sworn to him for a soldier when he said it.

One thing had perplexed me very much in going from bed to bed. A very significant and cruel thing. I could find no young man but one. He had attracted my notice by having got up and dressed himself in his soldier's jacket and trowsers, with the intention of sitting by the fire; but he had found himself too weak, and had crept back to his bed, and laid himself down on the outside of it. I could have pronounced him, alone, to be a young man aged by famine and sickness. As we were standing by the Irish soldier's bed I mentioned my perplexity to the Doctor. He took a board with an inscription on it from the head of the Irishman's bed, and asked me what age I supposed that man to be? I had observed him with attention while talking to him, and answered, confidently, "Fifty." The Doctor, with a pitying glance at the patient, who had dropped into a stupor again, put the board back, and said, "Twenty-four."

All the arrangements of the wards were excellent. They could not have been more humane, sympathizing, gentle, attentive, or wholesome. The owners of the ship, too, had done all they could, liberally. There were bright fires in every room, and the convalescent men were sitting round them reading various papers and periodicals. I took the liberty of inviting my official friend Pangloss to look at those convalescent men, and to tell me whether their faces and bearing were or were not, generally, the faces and bearing of steady, respectable, good, thorough soldiers? The master of the work-house, overhearing me, said that he had had a pretty large experience of troops, and that better conducted men than these he had never had to do with. They were always (he added) as we saw them. And of us visitors (I add) they knew nothing whatever except that we were there.

It was audacious in me, but I took another liberty with Pangloss. Prefacing it with the observation that, of course, I knew beforehand that there was not the faintest desire any where to hush up any part of this dreadful business, and that the Inquest was the fairest of all possible Inquests, I besought four things of Pangloss. Firstly, to observe that the Inquest *was not held in that place*, but at some distance off. Secondly, to look round upon those helpless spectres in their beds. Thirdly, to remember that the witnesses produced from among them before that Inquest could not have been selected because they were the men who had the most to tell it, but because they happened to be in a state admitting of their safe removal. Fourthly, to say whether the Coroner and Jury could have come there, to those pillows, and taken a little evidence? My official friend declined to commit himself to a more detailed reply.

There was a sergeant reading in one of the fire-side groups; as he was a man of a very intelligent countenance, and as I have a great respect for non-commissioned officers as a class, I sat down on the nearest bed to have some talk with him. (It was the bed of one of the grisliest of the poor skeletons, and he died soon afterward.)

"I was glad to see, in the evidence of an officer at the Inquest, sergeant, that he never saw men behave better on board ship than these men."

"They did behave very well, Sir."

"I was glad to see, too, that every man had a hammock."

The sergeant gravely shook his head. "There must be some mistake, Sir. The men of my own mess had no hammocks. There were not hammocks enough on board, and the men of the two next messes laid hold of hammocks for themselves as soon as they got on board, and squeezed my men out, as I may say."

"Had the squeezed-out men none then?"

"None, Sir. As men died their hammocks were used by other men who wanted hammocks; but many men had none at all."

"Then you don't agree with the evidence on that point?"

"Certainly not, Sir. A man can't when he knows to the contrary."

"Did any of the men sell their bedding for drink?"

"There is some mistake on that point, too, Sir. Men were under the impression—I knew it for a fact at the time—that it was not allowed to take blankets or bedding on board, and so men who had things of that sort came to sell them purposely."

"Did any of the men sell their clothes for drink?"

"They did, Sir." (I believe there never was a more truthful witness than the sergeant. He had no inclination to make out a case.)

"Many?"

"Some, Sir" (considering the question). "Soldier-like. There had been long marching in the rainy season by bad roads—no roads at all, in short—and when they got to Calcutta men turned to and drank before taking a last look at it. Soldier-like."

"Do you see any men in this ward, for example, who sold their clothes for drink at that time?"

The sergeant's wan eye, happily just beginning to rekindle with health, traveled round the place, and came back to me. "Certainly, Sir."

"The marching to Calcutta in the rainy season must have been severe?"

"It was very severe, Sir."

"Yet what with the rest and the sea air, I should have thought that the men (even the men who got drunk) would have soon begun to recover on board ship?"

"So they might; but the bad food told upon them, and when we got into a cold latitude it began to tell more, and the men dropped."

"The sick had a general disinclination for food, I am told, sergeant?"

"Have you seen the food, Sir?"

"Some of it."

"Have you seen the state of their mouths, Sir?"

If the sergeant, who was a man of a few orderly words, had spoken the amount of a volume of this publication, he could not have settled that question better. I believe that the sick could as soon have eaten the ship as the ship's provisions.

I took the additional liberty with my friend Pangloss, when I had left the sergeant with good wishes, of asking Pangloss whether he had ever heard of biscuit getting drunk and bartering its nutritious qualities for putrefaction and vermin; of peas becoming hardened in liquor; of hammocks drinking themselves off the face of the earth; of lime-juice, vegetables, vinegar, cooking accommodation, water supply, and beer, all taking to drinking together and going to ruin? If not (I asked him), what did he say in defense of the officers condemned by the Coroner's Jury, who, by signing the General Inspection report relative to the ship *Great Tasmania* chartered for these troops, had deliberately asserted all that bad and poisonous dung-hill refuse to be good and wholesome food? My official friend replied that it was a remarkable fact, that whereas some officers were only positively good, and other officers only comparatively better, those particular officers were superlatively the very best of all possible officers.

My hand and my heart fail me in writing my record of this journey. The spectacle of the soldiers in the hospital-beds of that Liverpool work-house was so shocking and so shameful, that as an Englishman I burn and blush to remember it. It would have been simply unbearable at the time but for the consideration and pity with which they were soothed in their sufferings.

No punishment that our inefficient laws provide is worthy of the name when set against the guilt of this transaction. But if the memory of it die out unavenged, and if it do not result in the inexorable dismissal and disgrace of those who are responsible for it, their escape will be infamous to the Government (no matter of what party) that so neglects its duty, and infamous to the nation that tamely suffers such intolerable wrong to be done in its name.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SIMPLE SIMON AND THE PENNY.

A BALLAD RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN AN ANCIENT NURSERY, AND EDITED BY PROFESSOR PUNCH, D.D.

Simple Simon met a Pieman,
  Who talked very fine;
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,
  Let me taste French Wine.
Said the Pieman unto Simple Simon,
  First give me a Penny.
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman,
  "You have had too many."

V. 1. *Simple Simon.* Johannes Taurus.
V. 1. *Pieman,* seu Pius Vir, or *pious man.* Gulielmus Lapislatus, Peelii discipulus ornatissimus.

"Et vocem Anchisæ magni mentemque recordor."

Ingenium illustre altioribus studiis Juvenis admodum dedit, non, ut plerique, sed quo firmior adversus fortuita Rempublicam capesseret.

V. 3. *Talked very fine.* *Tres* imbris torti radios, *tres* nubis aquosæ, etc.
V. 4. *French wine.* Vile modicis Sabinum cantharis.
V. 6. *Give me a Penny.* Vectigal magnum, perpetuum, et objectionabilissimum, nisi bellum Gallicum exoriatur. Longa est injuria: longæ ambages.
V. 8. *Had too many.* Non est Simonius tam stultus, post omnia, ut videtur. Sed anser ejus coctus est.

PELHAM EXTINGUISHED!—We know a dandy who is so extremely fastidious that he is always measured for his umbrella.

"That's a flame of mine!" as the bellows said to the fire.

ODD—that rivers should be so full just where they *empty* themselves.

Many institutions are improperly called *semi*-naries, for they do not half teach any thing.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," says one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?"—"Yes, and I've a family you can't match; seven boys and one girl." "I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

The *Tribune* is certainly becoming rusty in Bible learning. It speaks of the "little seeker of his father's asses, David the son of Jessie," when it was not *little* David but *great* "Saul, from his shoulders upward taller than all the people," who was sent on that errand. Is this a specimen of the Biblical and historical accuracy of that paper?

What figure is that which if cut in two becomes nought?—The human figure.

William the Fourth seemed in a momentary dilemma one day when at table with several officers he ordered one of the waiters to "take away that marine there," pointing to an empty bottle. "Your Majesty," inquired a colonel of marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?"—"Yes," replied the monarch, as a sudden thought struck him, "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

The philosopher Frazer says that, "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when he is taken out.

"I presume you won't charge any thing for just *remembering* me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

A lawyer engaged in a case, tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

A collegian, enlightening a farmer upon animalculæ, applied his microscope in the cheese, saying, "Now, look and see them wiggle."—"Well," said the farmer, placing the cheese in his mouth, "let them wiggle. I can stand it as long as they can."

Why is B like a hot fire?—Because it makes oil boil.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing inspector. "Ah! weel, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's ae comfort—Jock Tamson's is not a bit better!"

THE HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, OF VIRGINIA.

Among the distinguished persons whose names have been suggested in connection with the Presidency is the Hon. John Minor Botts.

Mr. Botts was born in the town of Dumfries, in the County of Prince William, in the State of Virginia, on the 16th September, 1802. His parents removed while he was yet very young to the City of Richmond, where his father, Benjamin Botts, became an eminent lawyer, and was one of the counsel of Aaron Burr in his celebrated trial for treason. In the winter of 1811, by the conflagration of the Richmond Theatre some eighty persons perished in the flames and otherwise. By this sad catastrophe Mr. Botts lost both of his parents, and was thus very early left without the natural and competent guardians of his youth. Having received an adequate, though not what is termed a full education, before his majority he was admitted a practitioner of law in the courts of Virginia.

He did not long continue, however, to practice his profession; having married very soon thereafter, he retired to the County of Henrico, and became a cultivator of the soil, which occupation he continued successfully to follow for a considerable period after his entrance into public life.

Always a Whig, he was elected, from the county of his residence, in the year 1833, a member of the House of Delegates of Virginia; and so continued, by yearly re-election, until the year 1839, when he was elected to Congress. In the former body he very soon distinguished himself as an able debater, an eloquent speaker, a well-informed man, endowed with high qualities of firmness and consistency. The first debate in which he took any part in the latter body arose on the election return of the representatives from New Jersey, which gave rise to animated discussion. In a speech delivered January 9, 1840, Mr. Botts vindicated with "power and effect" the majesty of her "broad seal;" and on the 10th of March the minority report of the Committee, prepared by him, was presented to the House, and the subject was finally disposed of by the admission of the returned representatives to their seats. His effort on this occasion placed him in the foremost rank of members. During the same session (July 14, 1840), on the bill making appropriations for the army, he again addressed the House ably with a view to retrenching the expenditures of the Federal Government. When Mr. Tyler succeeded to the Presidency by the death of General Harrison, Mr. Botts very soon found himself constrained to place himself in opposition to his administration—a position personally repugnant to him, since he and Mr. Tyler had been warm personal friends; but as believed he was guided by high considerations of duty. On the particular subjects which gave rise to that difference his speeches may be found—the one dated August 4, and the other September 10, 1841.

Another prominent act was his successful effort to repeal the Twenty-first Rule, which had been adopted for the purpose of excluding abolition petitions. In this connection he used the following language: "The right of petition is guaranteed by the Constitution; is absolute, unqualified, and unlimited; and to impair that right is to inflict a fatal wound upon popular freedom." The result of the repeal was, as he had predicted, a death-blow to all similar petitions. In the session before the repeal 6000 were presented; in the session after it only 6.

Mr. Botts closed his Congressional career (after serving three sessions) with the session of 1847–'48; since which time—with the exception of being in the Virginia Constitutional Convention, in which he bore a conspicuous part—he has been a private citizen. Though not in public life, Mr. Botts has not remained a careless observer of passing events.

Mr. Botts took ground against the famed Kansas-Nebraska Bill; and his letters, published at the time in the *National Intelligencer*, exhibited great power. On this occasion he was the subject of censure from many of his own party and section, many of whom have since acknowledged the correctness of his views, and give testimony to his judgment and foresight.

Hon. John Minor Botts is now to-day as devoted a follower of Mr. Clay as he was thirty years ago At the present time he co-operates with the Constitutional Union party.

HON. ERASTUS BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.

The Hon. Erastus Brooks, whose portrait is given herewith, was born in Portland, Maine, January 31, 1815. His father was lost at sea near the close of the year 1814, and left his family so far unprovided for, that young Brooks, when but eight years of age, was sent to Boston to make his own way in the world. Here he was employed as an errand boy, and gained the rudiments of an education by attending evening school. His next move was to a printing-office, where he was successively "devil," journeyman printer, and finally publisher and proprietor of a daily paper called the *Yankee*, at Wiscasset, Maine. Finding now that he needed a better education, he began preparing himself for college, defraying his expenses by teaching school and setting type. When prepared he entered Brown University (Providence, Rhode Island), from which he graduated in due time. Afterward taught grammar-school at Haverhill, Massachusetts, and became editor and part proprietor of the Haverhill *Gazette*. In 1836 he went to Washington, and became the correspondent of the New York *Daily Advertiser* and of several New England papers; next took an interest in the New York *Express*, of which his brother was an editor; and remained in Washington, as one of its editors, for sixteen successive sessions of Congress. In 1843 he traveled through Europe, corresponding with the *Express*.

In 1853 he was elected to the State Senate of New York, and distinguished himself by his advocacy of the bill which took the Church property of the Roman Catholic Church in this State from the possession of the bishops, as individuals, and placed it under the control of the lay trustees of the churches, in trust for the congregations. This involved him in a controversy with Archbishop Hughes, which attracted much attention at the time. He was again elected to the State Senate in 1855, and in 1856 received the nomination of the American Party for Governor of this State. He was beaten at the election, and has since taken no active part in public life. He is connected with the "Union Party," whose Convention meets at Baltimore on 9th May.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

To resume. The night passed as usual, without producing any change for the better in Miss Halcombe. The next day she seemed to improve a little. The day after that her ladyship, the Countess, without mentioning the object of her journey to any one in my hearing, proceeded by the morning train to London; her noble husband, with his customary attention, accompanying her to the station.

I was now left in sole charge of Miss Halcombe, with every apparent chance, in consequence of her sister's resolution not to leave the bedside, of having Lady Glyde herself to nurse next.

The only circumstance of any importance that happened in the course of the day was the occurrence of another unpleasant meeting between the doctor and the Count.

His lordship, on returning from the station, stepped up into Miss Halcombe's sitting room to make his inquiries. I went out from the bedroom to speak to him, Mr. Dawson and Lady Glyde being both with the patient at the time. The Count asked me many questions about the treatment and the symptoms. I informed him that the treatment was of the kind described as "saline;" and that the symptoms, between the attacks of fever, were certainly those of increasing weakness and exhaustion. Just as I was mentioning these last particulars Mr. Dawson came out from the bedroom.

"Good-morning, Sir," said his lordship, stepping forward in the most urbane manner, and stopping the doctor with a high-bred resolution impossible to resist, "I greatly fear you find no improvement in the symptoms to-day?"

"I find decided improvement," answered Mr. Dawson.

"You still persist in your lowering treatment of this case of fever?" continued his lordship.

"I persist in the treatment which is justified by my own professional experience," said Mr. Dawson.

"Permit me to put one question to you on the vast subject of professional experience," observed the Count. "I presume to offer no more advice—I only presume to make an inquiry. You live at some distance, Sir, from the gigantic centres of scientific activity—London and Paris. Have you ever heard of the wasting effects of fever being reasonably and intelligibly repaired by fortifying the exhausted patient with brandy, wine, ammonia, and quinine? Has that new heresy of the highest medical authorities ever reached your ears—Yes, or No?"

"When a professional man puts that question to me I shall be glad to answer him," said the doctor opening the door to go out. "You are not a professional man; and I beg to decline answering *you*."

Buffeted in this inexcusably uncivil way on one cheek, the Count, like a practical Christian, immediately turned the other, and said, in the sweetest manner, "Good-morning, Mr. Dawson."

If my late beloved husband had been so fortunate as to know his lordship, how highly he and the Count would have esteemed each other!

Her ladyship the Countess returned by the last train that night, and brought with her the nurse from London. I was instructed that this person's name was Mrs. Rubelle. Her personal appearance, and her imperfect English, when she spoke, informed me that she was a foreigner.

I have always cultivated a feeling of humane indulgence for foreigners. They do not possess our blessings and advantages; and they are, for the most part, brought up in the blind errors of popery. It has also always been my precept and practice, as it was my dear husband's precept and practice before me (see Sermon XXIX., in the Collection by the late Rev. Samuel Michelson, M.A.), to do as I would be done by. On both these accounts, I will not say that Mrs. Rubelle struck me as being a small, wiry, sly person, of fifty or thereabouts, with a dark brown or Creole complexion, and watchful, light gray eyes. Nor will I mention, for the reasons just alleged, that I thought her dress, though it was of the plainest black silk, inappropriately costly in texture and unnecessarily refined in trimming and finish, for a person in her position in life. I should not like these things to be said of me, and therefore it is my duty not to say them of Mrs. Rubelle. I will merely mention that her manners were—not perhaps unpleasantly reserved—but only remarkably quiet and retiring; that she looked about her a great deal, and said very little, which might have arisen quite as much from her own modesty as from distrust of her position at Blackwater Park; and that she declined to partake of supper (which was curious, perhaps, but surely not suspicious?), although I myself politely invited her to that meal in my own room.

At the Count's particular suggestion (so like his lordship's forgiving kindness!), it was arranged that Mrs. Rubelle should not enter on her duties until she had been seen and approved by the doctor the next morning. I sat up that night. Lady Glyde appeared to be very unwilling that the new nurse should be employed to attend on Miss Halcombe. Such want of liberality toward a foreigner on the part of a lady of her education and refinement surprised me. I ventured to say, "My lady, we must all remember not to be hasty in our judgments on our inferiors—especially when they come from foreign parts." Lady Glyde did not appear to attend to me. She only sighed, and kissed Miss Halcombe's hand as it lay on the counterpane. Scarcely a judicious proceeding in a sick-room, with a patient whom it was highly desirable not to excite. But poor Lady Glyde knew nothing of nursing—nothing whatever, I am sorry to say.

The next morning Mrs. Rubelle was sent to the sitting-room, to be approved by the doctor on his way through to the bedroom. I left Lady Glyde with Miss Halcombe, who was slumbering at the time, and joined Mrs. Rubelle, with the object of kindly preventing her from feeling strange and nervous in consequence of the uncertainty of her situation. She did not appear to see it in that light. She seemed to be quite satisfied, beforehand, that Mr. Dawson would approve of her; and she sat calmly looking out of window, with every appearance of enjoying the country air. Some people might have thought such conduct suggestive of brazen assurance. I beg to say that I more liberally set it down to extraordinary strength of mind.

Instead of the doctor coming up to us, I was sent for to see the doctor. I thought this change of affairs rather odd, but Mrs. Rubelle did not appear to be affected by it in any way. I left her still calmly looking out of window, and still silently enjoying the country air.

Mr. Dawson was waiting for me, by himself, in the breakfast-room.

"About this new nurse, Mrs. Michelson," said the doctor.

"Yes, Sir?"

"I find that she has been brought here from London by the wife of that fat old foreigner, who is always trying to interfere with me. Mrs. Michelson, the fat old foreigner is a Quack."

This was very rude. I was naturally shocked at it.

"Are you aware, Sir," I said, "that you are talking of a nobleman?"

"Pooh! He isn't the first Quack with a handle to his name. They're all Counts—hang 'em!"

"He would not be a friend of Sir Percival Glyde's, Sir, if he was not a member of the highest aristocracy—excepting the English aristocracy, of course."

"Very well, Mrs. Michelson, call him what you like; and let us get back to the nurse. I have been objecting to her already."

"Without having seen her, Sir?"

"Yes, without having seen her. She may be the best nurse in existence, but she is not a nurse of my providing. I have put that objection to Sir Percival as the master of the house. He doesn't support me. He says a nurse of my providing would have been a stranger from London also; and he thinks the woman ought to have a trial, after his wife's aunt has taken the trouble to fetch her from London. There is some justice in that, and I can't decently say No. But I have made it a condition that she is to go at once if I find reason to complain of her. This proposal being one which I have some right to make, as medical attendant, Sir Percival has consented to it. Now, Mrs. Michelson, I know I can depend on you, and I want you to keep a sharp eye on the nurse for the first day or two, and to see that she gives Miss Halcombe no medicines but mine. This foreign nobleman of yours is dying to try his quack remedies (mesmerism included) on my patient; and a nurse who is brought here by his wife may be a little too willing to help him. You understand? Very well, then, we may go up stairs. Is the nurse there? I'll say a word to her before she goes into the sick-room."

We found Mrs. Rubelle still enjoying herself at the window. When I introduced her to Mr. Dawson neither the doctor's doubtful looks nor the doctor's searching questions appeared to confuse her in the least. She answered him quietly in her broken English; and though he tried hard to puzzle her, she never betrayed the least ignorance, so far, about any part of her duties. This was doubtless the result of strength of mind, as I said before, and not of brazen assurance by any means.

We all went into the bedroom. Mrs. Rubelle looked very attentively at the patient, courtesied to Lady Glyde, set one or two little things right in the room, and sat down quietly in a corner to wait until she was wanted. Her ladyship seemed startled and annoyed by the appearance of the strange nurse. No one said any thing for fear of rousing Miss Halcombe, who was still slumbering, except the doctor, who whispered a question about the night. I softly answered, "Much as usual;" and then Mr. Dawson went out. Lady Glyde followed him, I suppose to speak about Mrs. Rubelle. For my own part, I had made up my mind already that this quiet foreign person would keep her situation. She had all her wits about her, and she certainly understood her business. So far I could hardly have done much better by the bedside myself.

Remembering Mr. Dawson's caution to me, I subjected Mrs. Rubelle to a severe scrutiny, at certain intervals, for the next three or four days. I over and over again entered the room softly and suddenly, but I never found her out in any suspicious action. Lady Glyde, who watched her as attentively as I did, discovered nothing either. I never detected a sign of the medicine bottles being tampered with; I never saw Mrs. Rubelle say a word to the Count, or the Count to her. She managed Miss Halcombe with unquestionable care and discretion. The poor lady wavered backward and forward between a sort of sleepy exhaustion, which was half faintness and half slumbering, and attacks of fever which brought with them more or less of wandering in her mind. Mrs. Rubelle never disturbed her in the first case, and never startled her, in the second, by appearing too suddenly at the bedside in the character of a stranger. Honor to whom honor is due (whether foreign or English)—and I give her privilege impartially to Mrs. Rubelle. She was remarkably uncommunicative about herself, and she was too quietly independent of all advice from experienced persons who understood the duties of a sick-room—but, with these drawbacks, she was a good nurse; and she never gave either Lady Glyde or Mr. Dawson the shadow of a reason for complaining of her.

The next circumstance of importance that occurred in the house was the temporary absence of the Count, occasioned by business which took him to London. He went away (I think) on the morning of the fourth day after the arrival of Mrs. Rubelle; and, at parting, he spoke to Lady Glyde very seriously in my presence on the subject of Miss Halcombe.

"Trust Mr. Dawson," he said, "for a few days more, if you please. But if there is not some change for the better in that time send for advice from London, which this mule of a doctor must accept in spite of himself. Offend Mr. Dawson, and save Miss Halcombe. I say those words seriously, on my word of honor, and from the bottom of my heart."

His lordship spoke with extreme feeling and kindness. But poor Lady Glyde's nerves were so completely broken down that she seemed quite frightened at him. She trembled from head to foot, and allowed him to take his leave without uttering a word on her side. She turned to me when he had gone, and said, "Oh, Mrs. Michelson, I am heart-broken about my sister, and I have no friend to advise me! Do *you* think Mr. Dawson is wrong? He told me himself this morning that there was no fear, and no need of fresh advice."

"With all respect to Mr. Dawson," I answered, "in your ladyship's place I should remember the Count's advice."

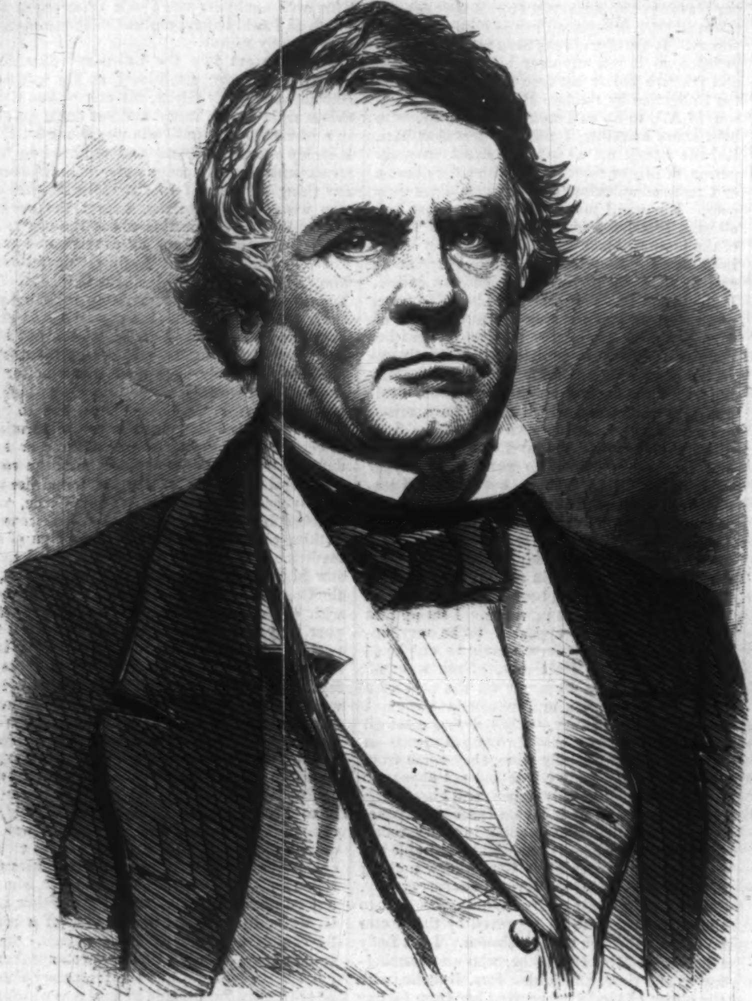
Lady Glyde turned away from me suddenly, with an appearance of despair for which I was quite unable to account.

"*His* advice!" she said to herself. "God help us—*his* advice!"

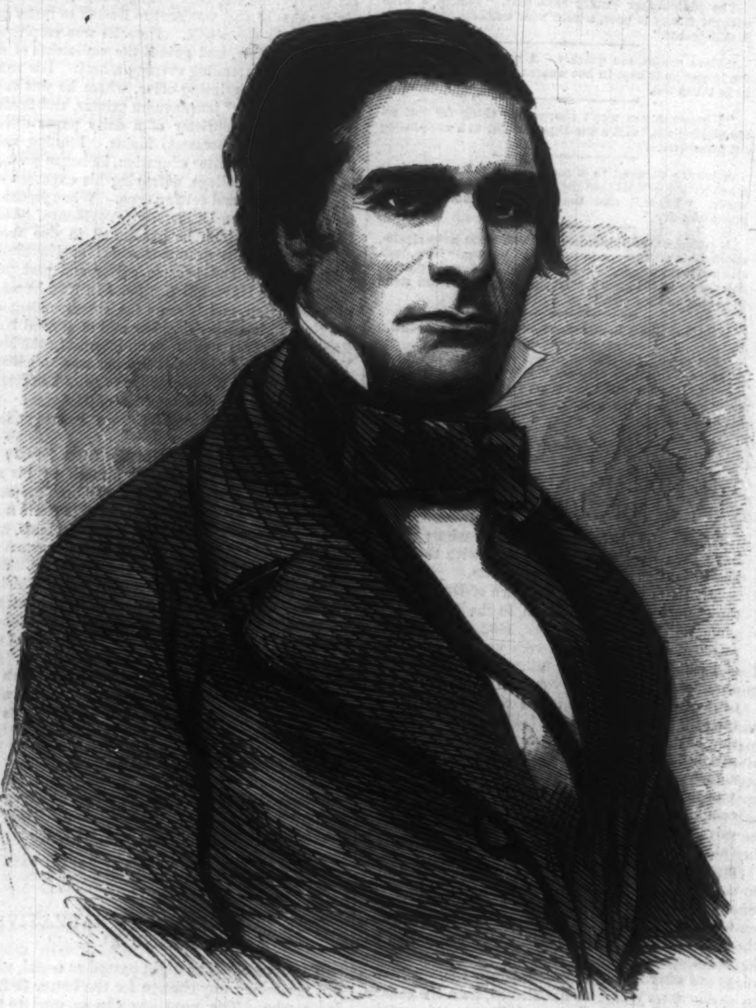
The Count was away from Blackwater Park, as nearly as I remember, a week.

Sir Percival seemed to feel the loss of his lordship in various ways, and appeared also, I thought, much depressed and altered by the sickness and sorrow in the house. Occasionally he was so very restless that I could not help noticing it; coming and going, and wandering here and there and every where in the grounds. His inquiries about Miss Halcombe and about his lady (whose failing health seemed to cost him sincere anxiety) were most attentive. I think his heart was much softened. If some kind clerical friend—some such friend as he might have found in my late excellent husband—had been near him at this time, cheering moral progress might have been made with Sir Percival. I seldom find myself mistaken on a point of this sort, having had experience to guide me in my happy married days.

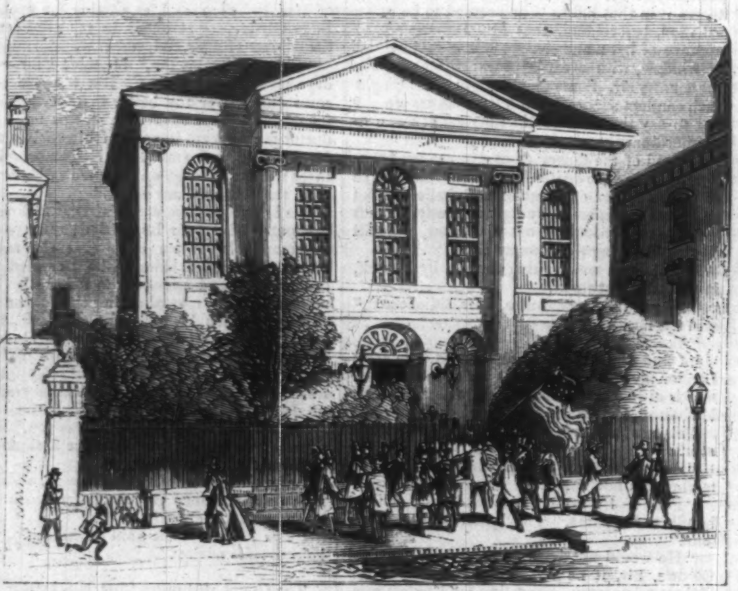
Her ladyship, the Countess, who was now the only company for Sir Percival down stairs, rather neglected him, as I considered. Or, perhaps, it might have been that he neglected her. A stranger might almost have supposed that they were bent, now they were left together alone, on actually avoiding one another. This, of course, could not be. But it did so happen, nevertheless, that the Countess made her dinner at luncheon-time, and that she always came up stairs toward evening, although Mrs. Rubelle had taken the nursing duties entirely off her hands. Sir Percival dined by himself, and William (the man out of livery) made the remark, in my hearing, that his master had put himself on half rations of food and on a double allowance of drink. I attach no importance to such an insolent observation as this on the part of a servant. I reprobated it at the time, and



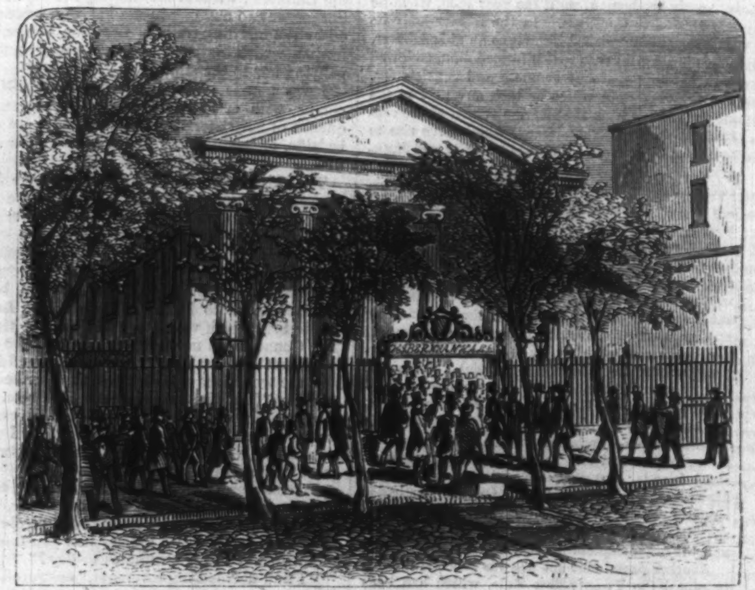
HON. JOHN MINOR BOTTS, OF VIRGINIA.—[See preceding Page.]



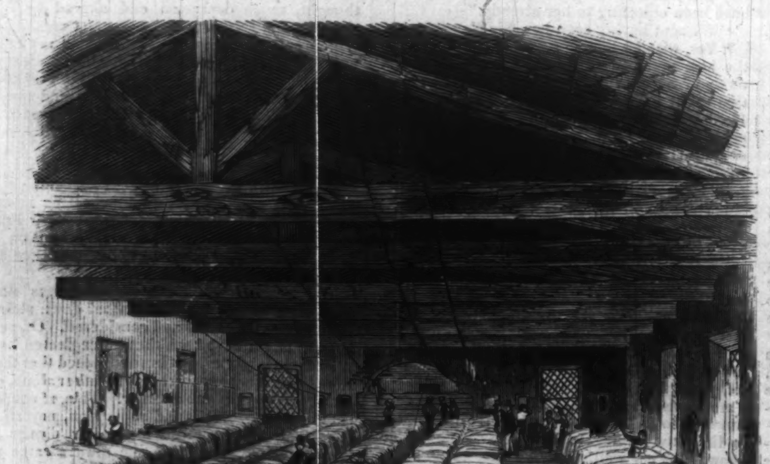
HON. ERASTUS BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.—[See preceding Page.]



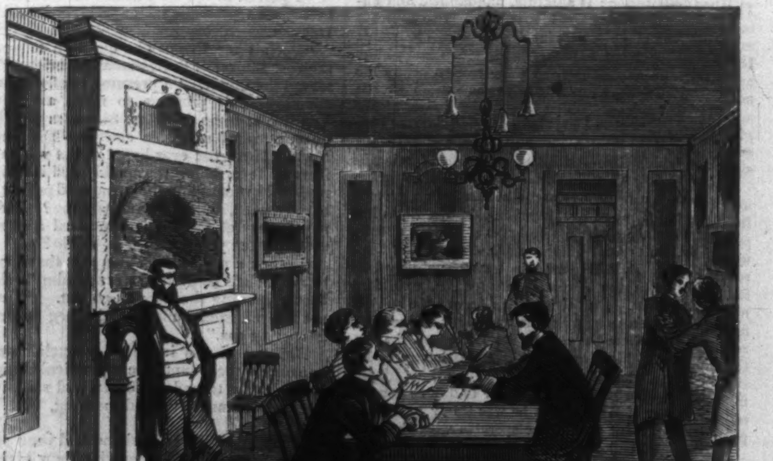
ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE WOOD DELEGATION AT CHARLESTON.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]



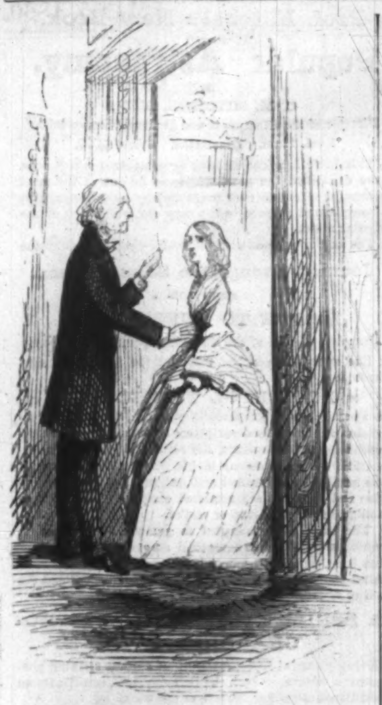
HIBERNIAN HALL, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE NORTHWESTERN DELEGATION.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]



YATES HALL—ONE HUNDRED AND NINE COTS FOR DELEGATES.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]



COMMITTEE-ROOM OF THE MASSACHUSETTS DELEGATION.—[From a Sketch by our own Artist.]



I wish to be understood as reprobating it once more on this occasion.

In the course of the next few days Miss Halcombe did certainly seem to all of us to be mending a little. Our faith in Mr. Dawson revived. He seemed to be very confident about the case; and he assured Lady Glyde, when she spoke to him on the subject, that he would himself propose to send for a physician the moment he felt so much as the shadow of a doubt crossing his own mind.

The only person among us who did not appear to be relieved by these words was the Countess. She said to me privately that she could not feel easy about Miss Halcombe on Mr. Dawson's authority, and that she should wait anxiously for her husband's opinion on his return. That return, his letters informed her, would take place in three days' time. The Count and Countess corresponded regularly every morning during his lordship's absence. They were in that respect, as in all others, a pattern to married people.

On the evening of the third day I noticed a change in Miss Halcombe, which caused me serious apprehension. Mrs. Rubelle noticed it too. We said nothing on the subject to Lady Glyde, who was then lying asleep, completely overpowered by exhaustion, on the sofa in the sitting-room.

Mr. Dawson did not pay his evening visit till later than usual. As soon as he set eyes on his patient I saw his face alter. He tried to hide it; but he looked both confused and alarmed. A messenger was sent to his residence for his medicine-chest, disinfecting preparations were used in the room, and a bed was made up for him in the house by his own directions. "Has the fever turned to infection?" I whispered to him. "I am afraid it has," he answered; "we shall know better to-morrow morning."

By Mr. Dawson's own directions Lady Glyde was kept in ignorance of this change for the worse. He himself absolutely forbade her, on account of her health, to join us in the bedroom that night. She tried to resist—there was a sad scene—but he had his medical authority to support him, and he carried his point.

The next morning one of the men servants was sent to London, at eleven o'clock, with a letter to a physician in town, and with orders to bring the new doctor back with him by the earliest possible train. Half an hour after the messenger had gone the Count returned to Blackwater Park.

The Countess, on her own responsibility, immediately brought him in to see the patient. There was no impropriety that I could discover in her taking this course. His lordship was a married man; he was old enough to be Miss Halcombe's father; and he saw her in the presence of her nearest female relative, her aunt. Mr. Dawson nevertheless protested against his presence in the room; but I could plainly remark the doctor was too much alarmed to make any serious resistance on this occasion.

The poor suffering lady was past knowing any one about her. She seemed to take her friends for enemies. When the Count approached her bedside, her eyes, which had been wandering incessantly round and round the room before, settled on his face with a dreadful stare of terror, which I shall remember to my dying day. The Count sat down by her; felt her pulse and her temples; looked at her very attentively; and then turned round upon the doctor with such an expression of indignation and contempt in his face that the words failed on Mr. Dawson's lips, and he stood, for a moment, pale with anger and alarm—pale and perfectly speechless.

His lordship looked next at me.

"When did the change happen?" he asked.

I told him the time.

"Has Lady Glyde been in the room since?"

I replied that she had not. The doctor had absolutely forbidden her to come into the room, on the evening before, and had repeated the order again in the morning.

"Have you and Mrs. Rubelle been made aware of the full extent of the mischief?" was his next question.

We were aware, I answered, that the malady was considered infectious. He stopped me before I could add any thing more.

"It is Typhus Fever," he said.

In the minute that passed, while these questions and answers were going on, Mr. Dawson recovered himself, and addressed the Count with his customary firmness.

"It is *not* typhus fever," he said, sharply. "I protest against this intrusion, Sir. No one has a right to put questions here but me. I have done my duty, to the best of my ability—"

The Count interrupted him, not by words, but only by pointing to the bed. Mr. Dawson seemed to feel that silent contradiction to his assertion of his own ability, and to grow only the more angry under it.

"I say I have done my duty," he reiterated. "A physician has been sent for from London. I will consult on the nature of the fever with him, and with no one else. I insist on your leaving the room."

"I entered this room, Sir, in the sacred interests of humanity," said the Count. "And in the same interests, if the coming of the physician is delayed, I will enter it again. I warn you once more that the fever has turned to Typhus, and that your treatment is responsible for this lamentable change. If that unhappy lady dies, I will give my testimony in a court of justice that your ignorance and obstinacy have been the cause of her death."

Before Mr. Dawson could answer, before the Count could leave us, the door was opened from the sitting-room, and we saw Lady Glyde on the threshold.

"I *must* and *will* come in," she said, with extraordinary firmness.

Instead of stopping her the Count moved into the sitting-room and made way for her to go in. On all other occasions he was the last man in the world to forget any thing; but in the surprise of the moment he apparently forgot the danger of infection from typhus, and the urgent necessity of forcing Lady Glyde to take proper care of herself.

To my surprise, Mr. Dawson showed more presence of mind. He stopped her ladyship at the first step she took toward the bedside.

"I am sincerely sorry, I am sincerely grieved," he said. "The fever may, I fear, be infectious. Until I am certain that it is not, I entreat you to keep out of the room."

She struggled for a moment; then suddenly dropped her arms and sank forward. She had fainted. The Countess and I took her from the doctor, and carried her into her own room. The Count preceded us, and waited in the passage till I came out and told him that we had recovered her from the swoon.

I went back to the doctor to tell him, by Lady Glyde's desire, that she insisted on speaking to him immediately. He withdrew at once to quiet her ladyship's agitation, and to assure her of the physician's arrival in the course of a few hours. Those hours passed very slowly. Sir Percival and the Count were together down stairs, and sent up, from time to time, to make their inquiries. At last, between five and six o'clock, to our great relief, the physician came.

He was a younger man than Mr. Dawson; very serious, and very decided. What he thought of the previous treatment I can not say; but it struck me as curious that he put many more questions to myself and to Mrs. Rubelle than he put to the doctor, and that he did not appear to listen with much interest to what Mr. Dawson said while he was examining Mr. Dawson's patient. I began to suspect, from what I observed in this way, that the Count had been right about the illness all the way through; and I was naturally confirmed in that idea when Mr. Dawson, after some little delay, asked the one important question which the London doctor had been sent for to set at rest.

"What is your opinion of the fever?" he inquired.

"Typhus," replied the physician. "Typhus fever beyond all doubt."

That quiet foreign person, Mrs. Rubelle, crossed her thin, brown hands in front of her, and looked at me with a very significant smile. The Count himself could hardly have appeared more gratified, if he had been present in the room, and had heard the confirmation of his own opinion.

After giving us some useful directions about the management of the patient, and mentioning that he would come again in five days' time, the physician withdraw to consult in private with Mr. Dawson. He would offer no opinion on Miss Halcombe's chances of recovery: he said it was impossible at that stage of the illness to pronounce one way or the other.

The five days passed anxiously.

Countess Fosco and myself took it by turns to relieve Mrs. Rubelle; Miss Halcombe's condition growing worse and worse, and requiring our utmost care and attention. It was a terribly trying time. Lady Glyde (supported, as Mr. Dawson said, by the constant strain of her suspense on her sister's account) rallied in the most extraordinary manner, and showed a firmness and determination for which I should myself never have given her credit. She insisted on coming into the sick-room two or three times every day, to look at Miss Halcombe with her own eyes, promising not to go too close to the bed if the doctor would consent to her wishes so far. Mr. Dawson very unwillingly made the concession required of him: I think he saw that it was hopeless to dispute with her. She came in every day; and she self-denyingly kept her promise. I felt it personally so distressing (as reminding me of my own affliction during my husband's last illness) to see how she suffered under these circumstances, that I must beg not to dwell on this part of the subject any longer. It is more agreeable to me to mention that no fresh disputes took place between Mr. Dawson and the Count. His lordship made all his inquiries by deputy, and remained continually in company with Sir Percival down stairs.

On the fifth day the physician came again, and gave us a little hope. He said the tenth day from the first appearance of the typhus would probably decide the result of the illness, and he arranged for his third visit to take place on that date. The interval passed as before—except that the Count went to London again, one morning, and returned at night.

On the tenth day it pleased a merciful Providence to relieve our household from all further anxiety and alarm. The physician positively assured us that Miss Halcombe was out of danger. "She wants no doctor now—all she requires is careful watching and nursing, for some time to come; and that I see she has." Those were his own words. That evening I read my husband's touching sermon on Recovery from Sickness with more happiness and advantage (in a spiritual point of view) than I ever remember to have derived from it before.

The effect of the good news on poor Lady Glyde was, I grieve to say, quite overpowering. She was too weak to bear the violent reaction; and in another day or two she sank into a state of debility and depression which obliged her to keep her room. Rest and quiet, and change of air afterward, were the best remedies which Mr. Dawson could suggest for her benefit. It was fortunate that matters were no worse, for on the very day after she took to her room the Count and the doctor had another disagreement, and this time the dispute between them was of so serious a nature that Mr. Dawson left the house.

I was not present at the time; but I understood that the subject of the dispute was the amount of nourishment which it was necessary to give to assist Miss Halcombe's convalescence after the exhaustion of the fever. Mr. Dawson, now that his patient was safe, was less inclined than ever to submit to unprofessional interference; and the Count (I can not imagine why) lost all the self-control which he had so judiciously preserved on former occasions, and taunted the doctor, over and over again, with his mistake about the fever, when it changed to typhus. The unfortunate affair ended in Mr. Dawson's appealing to Sir Percival, and threatening (now that he could leave without absolute danger to Miss Halcombe) to withdraw from his attendance at Blackwater Park if the Count's interference was not peremptorily suppressed from that moment. Sir Percival's reply (though not designedly uncivil) had only resulted in making matters worse; and Mr. Dawson had thereupon withdrawn from the house in a state of extreme indignation at Count Fosco's usage of him, and had sent in his bill the next morning.

We were now, therefore, left without the attendance of a medical man. Although there was no actual necessity for another doctor—nursing and watching being, as the physician had observed, all that Miss Halcombe required—I should still, if my authority had been consulted, have obtained professional assistance, from some other quarter, for form's sake.

The matter did not seem to strike Sir Percival in that light. He said it would be time enough to send for another doctor if Miss Halcombe showed any signs of a relapse. In the mean while, we had the Count to consult in any minor difficulty; and we need not unnecessarily disturb our patient, in her present weak and nervous condition, by the presence of a stranger at her bedside. There was much that was reasonable, no doubt, in these considerations; but they left me a little anxious, nevertheless. Nor was I quite satisfied, in my own mind, of the propriety of our concealing the doctor's absence, as we did, from Lady Glyde. It was a merciful deception, I admit—for she was in no state to bear any fresh anxieties. But still it was a deception; and as such, to a person of my principles, at best a doubtful proceeding.

A second perplexing circumstance which happened on the same day, and which took me completely by surprise, added greatly to the sense of uneasiness that was now weighing on my mind.

I was sent for to see Sir Percival in the library. The Count, who was with him when I went in, immediately rose and left us alone together. Sir Percival civilly asked me to take a seat; and then, to my great astonishment, addressed me in these terms:

"I want to speak to you, Mrs. Michelson, about a matter which I decided on some time ago, and which I should have mentioned before but for the sickness and trouble in the house. In plain words, I have reasons for wishing to break up my establishment immediately at this place—leaving you in charge, of course, as usual. As soon as Lady Glyde and Miss Halcombe can travel, they must both have change of air. My friends, Count Fosco and the Countess, will leave us before that time to live in the neighborhood of London. And I have reasons for not opening the house to any more company, with a view to economizing as carefully as I can. I don't blame you, but my expenses here are a great deal too heavy. In short, I shall sell the horses, and get rid of all the servants at once. I never do things by halves, as you know; and I mean to have the house clear of a pack of useless people by this time to-morrow."

I listened to him, perfectly aghast with astonishment.

"Do you mean, Sir Percival, that I am to dismiss the in-door servants under my charge without the usual month's warning?" I asked.

"Certainly I do. We may all be out of the house before another month; and I am not going to leave the servants here in idleness with no master to wait on."

"Who is to do the cooking, Sir Percival, while you are still staying here?"

"Margaret Porcher can roast and boil—keep her. What do I want with a cook if I don't mean to give any dinner-parties?"

"The servant you have mentioned is the most unintelligent servant in the house, Sir Percival—"

"Keep her, I tell you; and have a woman in from the village to do the cleaning and go away again. My weekly expenses must and shall be lowered immediately. I don't send for you to make objections, Mrs. Michelson—I send for you to carry out my plans of economy. Dismiss the whole lazy pack of in-door servants to-morrow, except Porcher. She is as strong as a horse, and we'll make her work like a horse."

"You will excuse me for reminding you, Sir Percival, that if the servants go to-morrow they must have a month's wages in lieu of a month's warning."

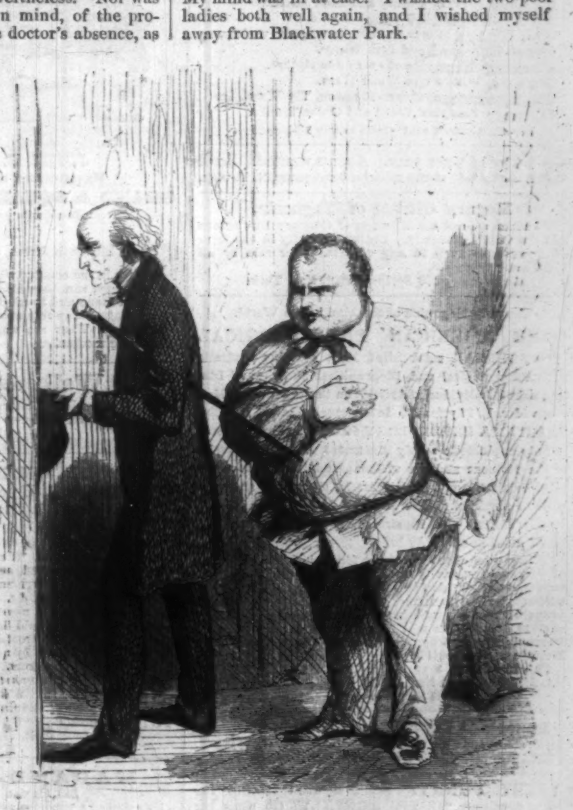
"Let them! A month's wages saves a month's waste and gluttony in the servants' hall."

This last remark conveyed an aspersion of the most offensive kind on my management. I had too much self-respect to defend myself under so gross an imputation. Christian consideration for the helpless position of Miss Halcombe and Lady Glyde, and for the serious inconvenience which my sudden absence might inflict on them, alone prevented me from resigning my situation on the spot. I rose immediately. It would have lowered me in my own estimation to have permitted the interview to continue a moment longer.

"After that last remark, Sir Percival, I have nothing more to say. Your directions shall be attended to." Pronouncing those words, I bowed my head with the most distant respect, and went out of the room.

The next day the servants left in a body. Sir Percival himself dismissed the grooms and stablemen; sending them, with all the horses but one, to London. Of the whole domestic establishment, in-doors and out, there now remained only myself, Margaret Porcher, and the gardener; this last living in his own cottage, and being wanted to take care of the one horse that remained in the stables.

With the house left in this strange and lonely condition, with the mistress of it ill in her room, with Miss Halcombe still as helpless as a child, and with the doctor's attendance withdrawn from us in enmity, it was surely not unnatural that my spirits should sink, and my customary composure be very hard to maintain. My mind was ill at ease. I wished the two poor ladies both well again, and I wished myself away from Blackwater Park.



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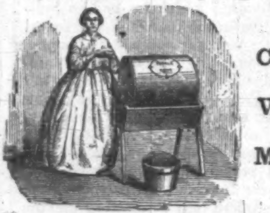

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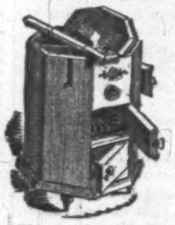

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